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AROUND THE CORNER.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Around the corner, afar or nigh,
What waits as we hurry blindly?
Will Sorrow lurk from the shadowy wall,
Or Fate clasp hands more timely?

Right onward, straight for a little way,
And a mile, may, it may be, going,
Then—what shall meet us around the way
Fate unfamiliar showing?

The pretty maid tripping up the street,
Soft curls in the sweet air blowing,
May never guess that her second self
She will meet at the shadowed crossing.

While he, on his schemes for a life intent,
Dreaming not of the hand-to-hand gaining,
Leaves the same step by step
That leads to the hand-to-hand parting.

Around the curve of the bending way,
How the fateful feet may linger,
With message told in the lightning's ray,
Held tight by a careless finger!

A fate that may blot the sunshine out,
Or lighten some dreaded sorrow,
Or bring to the heart a sudden shout
From the night of the coming morrow!

Around the corner are ideals prone,
Fairy-drest, like Dagon, lying
Silent and dumb, while round about
Life fete-day blossoms bring.

There are sketches wound with a golden thread
That always to await our fastening;
There are arrows laid on the current's bread,
To direct our way unbegging.

Ah, by and by, from a higher plane
Than this we are now treading,
We shall see the lines of all crossing ways,
And know why they once together.

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAGICIAN," "RED ESTES," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT HEIR," "MARK HERON'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

PEDDER MAKES HIMSELF USEFUL.

At just five minutes to five o'clock, on the following morning, Undertaker Pedder took his sweep-stakes from under the counter, and, after carefully locking the door, and drawing down the blinds of one of the windows, in such a way that he could see without being seen by any one approaching the house,

He had been in this position just four minutes, displaying a keen anxiety, when he saw a well-known form approaching, at a careless saunter, from the direction of Broadway—the form of Tom Breeding.

Tom had come to meet his ally at the door, giving him admittance, when he had time to ring the bell, and so bring his visit under the notice of Kate, the solitary servant of the brother and sister.

"Come into the parlor, Tom," said Pedder, after closing the door in silence between the vestibule and the street. "My sister is not up yet, and we shall not be disturbed. Your punctuality is a good indication of the success begun in your wicked work."

Tom replied with a strange fashion—far down in his throat—and handed out the two checks which had passed from Pedder to Mrs. Hawley the day previous.

"There are the documents you wanted," said he, taking a chair, and in that item about the toughest job I ever undertook, to get them. Mrs. Hawley had them secreted in her corset, and that corset was under her pillow, and she as watchful as a bull-dog and as fond of a young mother."

Pedder looked at his confederate admiringly.

"That was a ticklish situation," he agreed. "Let's hear how you consummated the thing."

"Why, I cogged board at good Mrs. Piper's boarding-house, the room over Mrs. Hawley's being vacant. Not as Tom Breeding, of course, but as Deacon Abraham Isaacs, a packet merchant of Cincinnati. You should have seen me, Pedder, in my character of a pious Israelite! Hawley at Demilaine ward's is a circumstance to this marvelously gotten-up pork merchant. Once in possession of my room, I watched my chance, and took an impression of the key of Mrs. Hawley's door, and procured an extra key, for fear that she might not leave her own in the lock. As to a bell, I took notice that there wasn't any. Those steps taken, I passed the time away in my room, or in the yard and boarders, with the exception of two minutes devoted to a thorough ransacking of Mrs. Hawley's rooms, bureaus, and so on, during her absence. The only result of that search was to convince me that the checks were upon Mrs. Hawley's person—either in her purse or her corset. I'll rest you can imagine. I let myself into the lady's room, and found her sleeping as if she were not disturbing anent the trial-trip to the bottom of Nod. The lounge's great that followed was twice interrupted by Mrs. Hawley and her baby, but it was at last crowned with success, and, in less than fifteen thereafter, Deacon Abraham Sanborn, the eminent pork merchant of Cincinnati, was quietly and comfortably put by Tom Breeding—had departed forever from the premises of Mrs. Piper."

Pedder looked puzzled.

"I know I hadn't rated you too highly," he declared gruffly. "I was mistaken! You are cleverness itself!"

"To give color to the robbery of the checks, I had to pick up all the jewelry that came in my way—the baby's watch, brooch or two, sundry ear-rings, and other trifles."

"Good! I ought to have recommended that very measure."

"There's need of that when I am your agent," said Tom dryly; "your usual measure recommended by the jewelry will suffice to keep those trifles, I suppose?"

Of course. I shall take great pleasure—in due time—in surprising the lady with new ones in their place. Your taking the jewelry plays directly into my hands."

And into my own, I think, to the tune of a hundred checks. But what is to be done with the checks?"

"The bogus will naturally try to realize the money, I should say," replied Pedder reflectively.

"Oh, of course."

"A signature or two will have to be forged first," added Pedder. "But a man who does not scruple at burglary needn't hesitate at forgery. The checks must be ordered, therefore, and sent to the bank."

WILL HAWLEY DISCOVERS A SHIP ENTERING THE HARBOR AT DESOLATION.

"Well, you can order them, I suppose—and with much less hesitation than I would in a gorgeous woman! But I foresee that we have to deal with two, and I merely wanted to know that you'll esteem your valiancy cheap, should it come to that."

"Well, you may be easy on that score, Tom. Mrs. Hawley shall be my wife, if she costs me every dollar I possess, and every dollar I can beg, borrow, or steal."

"Well, that is what I call a rousing affection," exclaimed Tom smilingly. "But as I am tired as a dog, as well as hungry and sleepy, I will leave to our friends in Fourth street the task of slaughtering more fatlings in honor of your wedding, and carry home as much to repose from my labors."

And after the sweeper, on the out of the house the better, as I am expecting a call. Sign as you take your leave, Tom, calm as the sustenance of my appreciation, and, what's more to the point, his hundred dollar bill?"

He handed over a crisp bank-note of the denomination stated, and Tom was naturally very profuse in his thanks, as he stowed the bill away in his pocket-book, and in his pocket-book and took his departure.

Left to himself, Pedder returned to his seat in an easy chair close to one of the windows, and lighted a cigar, which act with him was always a sign that he was in good spirits. And in less than a minute thereafter he had plunged into such a pleasant reverie that he took no note of time, and that an hour and a half had gone by unheeded.

It was at the end of that time the door bell was rung with a decided impatience.

"Ah! I had forgotten to watch," ejaculated Pedder, starting from his deep musings.

The watcher passed on to the door, which he hastened to open.

A lady stood on the steps with her veil thrown back—the very lady he was expecting to see, and Pedder's face lighted up with a

"Good-morning, Captain Pedder," was her greeting.

Pedder struck an attitude that was decidedly expressive of wonder—wonder at her presence, and at the fact that it was followed by her voice and manner.

"Can it be?" he cried excitedly. "Mrs. Piper! And at such an hour! Is it possible? Is Mrs. Hawley—is she dead?"

The lady hastily complied, and Pedder stepped back, allowing her to enter and sit down.

"And pray tell me what has happened to cause you this delightful surprise and morning," continued Pedder rapidly. "Is Mrs. Hawley—she—she is the cause?"

And here the crafty Pedder struck an attitude and put on a manner that were especially set to indicate to Mrs. Piper that the man before her was the victim of a passion that was consuming him. Mrs. Hawley had indeed been removed from it.

"Yes, Captain Pedder," said Mrs. Piper, taking the chair advanced for her use. "Mrs. Hawley is the cause."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" interjected Pedder, clasping his hands in ecstasy.

Mrs. Piper looked at him wonderingly, as well she might.

"Why, how much he thinks of Mrs. Hawley!"

"Then you rejoiced!"

"But Mrs. Hawley is just now in great distress, Captain Pedder. I paid a visit to her room over Mrs. Hawley's yesterday, and found her in a state of mind that induced him to be the third. Here is the card he gave me."

Pedder took the card of a second-hand dry-goods merchant of Cincinnati which Tom Breeding had given to a previous sojourner in West street.

"I see," said Pedder. "You have been imposed upon, Mrs. Piper. This is an honest card, and these are honest references upon it—just as you supposed. But the man who gave it to you was not Mr. Sanborn. He was a vile impostor."

"I had reached this very view of the matter," sighed the good landlady. "But I had no suspicions—and yesterday was the Fourth, so that I could not have hunted up the references in New York, even if I had thought of such a thing. And so this bogus Mr. Sanborn got up in the night and entered Mrs. Hawley's room, and took the checks out of her corset-lace."

Pedder leaped to his feet, uttering an ejaculation of astonishment, which was a very lumber crime of simulated joy.

"Did you say checks, Mrs. Piper?"

"I did, sir. The two checks—"

"The two that took the checks then, just as I gave them to Mrs. Hawley?"

"That is, Captain Pedder—"

"Bravo! Glorious! The thief won't get a cent of the money!" cried Pedder, as he bounded himself back upon the sofa.

"No, he won't, for I'll go to the bank and stop payment, and take up Mrs. Hawley's draft, whatever else it may be necessary to take in the matter."

"And Mrs. Hawley will not lose the twenty-five hundred dollars?"

"Not a cent of it—not a cent!"

Mrs. Piper drew a long breath of relief, and the expression of her feelings was such that she burst into tears.

"Why, my dear madam, Captain Pedder," she went to say.

"Forgive you, my dear Madam? Your tears are too sweet a compliment to my unworthiness. The thief entered Mrs. Hawley's very sleeping room then?"

"Her very sleeping room, and took the checks from her corset, which was under her very pillow!"

"It must be a bold rascal to operate in that way, Mrs. Piper; in fact, that dares to invade the sanctity of our being able to catch him. But the money is safe, Mrs. Piper. The checks having been made payable to Mrs. Hawley—"

"She had not signed them, sir!"

"Then the money is just as safe as if it were in your hands at this moment."

"Oh, how glad I am to hear you say so!" murmured Mrs. Piper. "You can never know how I feel, Captain Pedder, at the thought of the fault of the two being mine, you see. And as to poor Mrs. Hawley, she was nearly distracted. In fact, she was in such a bad way that I could do no less than propose to come at once to you, Captain Pedder, and implore your aid in the matter."

"And you have done so, Mrs. Piper, and place me under the greatest obligations," said Pedder, bowing and waving gracefully. "I am deeply touched by your confidence."

"Mrs. Hawley at once approved of my proposal, and I left her with tearful thanks for the lady's thought of the measures before, seeing that you had lost the checks. And now that you have taken such a great load from my mind," added Mrs. Piper, starting, "I will hurry home as fast as I can, to relieve Mrs. Hawley's anxiety on your account."

"Do not remove her from me that she will not lose a penny," said Pedder, assuming a beseeching air of insistence. "I should be displeased, Mrs. Piper, to detain you long enough to meet my sister who is about getting up, but under the circumstances I must forbid your departure. Mrs. Hawley will bear from me during the day. I say no more, save at the house?"

"Just as soon as I have news to communicate," declared Pedder, bustling about and seizing his hat. "I'm going, sir, to put the police on track of the thief instantly. By the bye, was anything else taken?"

"Oh, all of Mrs. Hawley's jewelry."

"All? Then the thief will be so frightened at the delightfulness of his luck that he will not dare to sell. They have sold the jewelry—that is, they have made an attempt to each him. I am as pleased to be able to tell Mrs. Hawley as you possibly can be at hearing that she is not to lose her money."

"You are goodness itself, Captain! I thank you sincerely—"

"Not a word, dear Mrs. Piper. I am the only one who is entitled to thanks in this matter, since it enables me to be of service to an esteemed lady, and to continue a most pleasing acquaintance with another."

Mrs. Piper flushed at the sentiment, and at the respectful pressure of her hand with which it was accompanied.

The next instant she had gone, in a graceful fit of emotion, and Pedder, laying aside his hat and gloves, sauntered leisurely toward the dining-room, saying to himself:

"That part of the job will be of great service to me from this time onward. She'll keep my secret for the 'honor,' and be as good in her way as the Rev. Mr. Moody."

CHAPTER X.

A STARTLING ARRIVAL.

The day had brightened around Hawley while he was conversing with the singular madman he had encountered so strangely upon the lonely isle to which he had been consigned by the wicked Capt. Captain Pedder and his sister. The sun had even shown itself faintly through the cloudy sky—a sight not often seen at Desolation. But Hawley was gentleman enough to tell Captain Pedder, and his thoughts were full of bitterness against him.

"Here," he said to himself, "the 'Lost High Admiral' of one mission, and in a fair way to be murdered by another! Imprisoned upon an island which has never been voluntarily inhabited since the making of creation! Heaven alone knows when I shall be able to escape from this frightful and desolate place!"

The thought of his wife was too painful for his mind to dwell upon.

"Your majesty's cabin is not far away?" he asked abruptly.

"No Admiral—not a quarter of a mile."

"Long for me it, for you like better than Longwood."

"I don't know as I do, although Longwood was nothing but a wigwam. I haven't been down to Longwood, however, with any intention of occupying my wretched apartments there again. My motive in looking for Longwood, as mentioned, was one of curiosity and curiosity. I wish to know where Longwood went to so as to enable me to steer that-a-way, two summers and two winters ago, when I found Sir Hudson Lowe and his wonderful dead, Jamestown swallowed up, and its Rebecca and Pocahontas—as I said about fifty times in natural size."

"A natural wish, sire. My first duty, as prime minister, will be to search Longwood in those researches. Athens at St. Helena are as a grain notable."

"O dear, yes! I shall certainly go crazy if things go on much longer as they have been going."

A brief silence succeeded these remarks, at the end of Hawley continued hope.

"It's clear," he assured himself, "that this man did not commit that murderous assault upon me yesterday. But the mystery as to who did commit it is greater than ever. It must be that there is a third person on the island, and that that third person is a madman. But who is this poor fellow, and what is his history? Assuredly he is not a sailor, for drowning, or the man who saved me, was yesterday Jude Breeling?"

Will inclined to be former theory. The mention of dates by his 'sovereign' pointed directly to that supposition. And the mania of his majesty' was quite in harmony with the theory of his being Jude Breeling.

"On getting up some morning, about two years ago, and finding that I was the victim of mental illness had advanced to such a degree that I was unconscious of my own identity, locality, situation and surroundings. The island, therefore, became St. Helena, and he became Napoleon, discovered by Hudson Lowe. But who on earth can he be that other madman?"

Will knotted his brows vainly over this problem. No solution was apparent.

"Well, well!" was his mental conclusion, "I shall have ample time to unravel the mystery from one corner of it to the other, and from the other."

He had just reached the elevation which had previously intervened between him and the cabin of his host, when a flash from the Christmas Harbor was visible, as was the report of a cannon from the bay.

"I see," he ejaculated. "The head of the harbor is somewhere in sight, and that is the signal for me to be on hand. I suppose I ought to waste no time in the matter, but I am not to be left in the one mentioned by Captain Cook. The second report, precisely in front of us in the open which Captain Cook terms Desolation Bay, was fired by a vessel of two thousand gulls, ducks, penguins, albatrosses and other denizens of the air."

"And yonder is my cabin," said the sailor-man, pointing to a hut upon a knoll on the ridge below them that was nearest to the bay.

He led the way down the declivity until the couple were soon at the hut in question.

It was one for to the end of the island to be visible from the spot where Captain Pedder had landed his wretched victim, but that, to be remembered, was upon the north shore of the harbor, while the present position was located under the south shore, and was consequently in the water, protection from the wind and storm. It was, therefore, the proper one to any one forced to remain for any length of time on the island.

"Why, what a strange little hut!" exclaimed Will Hawley. "It is built in the form of a wreck! The roof is quite a large piece of a boat!"

He at once became greatly interested, and left the sailor-man's side.

The name of Jude Breeling was also painted over the little door-way.

"That is the work of Jude Breeling," continued Will. "His brig was dashed in pieces near Archer Point. He saved many things from the wreck, it seems—at least many of the articles—and built his present home with them. Ah! here is the boat which he launched upon the bay, and which he used in the harbor. And here is the boat-house which he built for it. I see—he could not have sailed the boat in the open sea, and was consequently obliged to come up here for shelter. And he must have become home in a little while after the water that assisted him in bringing his treasures ashore. But—but—Heaven! where is this nearly to the spot where we are standing. Will?"

"Come in, Admiral," said the madman. "Come in and see my cabin. I have more of it than you shall have by and by at the Tuileries, but they are comfortable. There's a bed at one side of the room, and a table and chair at the other. You may take your choice by night, and as to the occupancy of the hut by day we shall not quarrel."

Will entered the hut, and began a curious survey of the structure and of its contents. He was no less astonished to see how well the hut was built than he was to note the great variety of objects accumulated within it. These objects had all evidently been saved

from the wreck of the brig in which Jude Breeding had come from Australia to the island, in quest of the pirate's buried million.

Why, your majesty must have been very comfortable here?" ejaculated Will, staking upon the tongue to which the madman had given the royal name.

"Except in the winter, Admiral—except in the winter! The winters in St. Helena are terrible, since the great changes and convulsions."

"But you have lots of seal skins with which to keep yourself warm, I notice."

"Oh, yes! There are plenty of seals, and as their skins are the only thing obtainable, I am not complaining. I take care to have plenty of them. I spend plenty of them here, in fact, on my arrival."

"And those dishes and tins, which I see in the little cupboard behind you—did you find those here?"

"Certainly. I found everything here, just as you see it."

Including those books upon the shelf?"

"Certainly."

And that ship's log upon the table, as well as the pen and ink beside it?"

"Of course."

"Well, you must have been surprised, sire, to find such a home here?"

"Not at all."

"Indeed! You have some idea then as to who built the house?"

"Yes, I have."

"And who built it, pray?"

Will asked the question breathlessly.

You could not guess in a thousand years who built it," the madman answered.

In this case, I may as well beg your majesty's pardon, and ask you to tell me."

"Why, I built it, my boy Jupiter!"

Will repressed his disappointment.

"Indeed!" he said. "by the original—by the great Jupiter?"

"It was—by the immortal Jupiter himself in his own proper person! And what is more wonderful, it was built in a single night!"

"Is it possible!"

"Not only was it built in a single night," added the madman, "but it was built for me the very night my wretched followers deserted me. Yes, it was built for my especial use and occupation, because Jupiter took pity on me, and because he wished to give the new aways a hint that I am still 'a man of destiny' and a favorite of fortune."

And you have accordingly lived here for two years undisturbed, it is to say, since your last two visitors left you?"

The madman gravely assented.

"And this time your majesty has never met the madman?"

"Never!"

"You have no idea as to who he really is, sire?"

"Not the least. But I think he may be the Jude Breeding who owns the house, which I entirely vow have in your pocket."

"Exactly, sire! And he is, he is simply a trader—a deserter from the crew of Nelson's ship of war *Thunderbolt*. But your majesty knows nothing of any such man, or any such ship?"

Except what the madman has said in the aforesaid discourse."

It seems strange that your majesty has never caught a glimpse of him."

It does indeed, seeing that he once occupied this very hut—seeing that he seems to have slipped out of it, in fact, about the time I slipped into it."

The conviction that the man whom his son Jude Breeding became still stronger in Hawley's breast.

"How can I settle the question?" he asked himself.

He reflected earnestly, and at length a gleam of inspiration flashed from his eyes.

He turned to his companion.

"I have a question to be perfectly frank; I be observed," I will submit an opinion about the matter."

"Speak out, my dear Admiral—speak out at once. It is to that very aim and intent that you are filling your high office."

"It is my opinion, sire, that the madman is not a madman. He may not be mad at all. He may be a secret emissary of Austria or Prussia! The fact that he seems to know all the time is very suspicious as well as strange."

"I agree with you, Admiral. I've often been uneasy about the rascal."

"Then I will hasten to propose to your majesty a suitable measure against this unknown, intruder, let him be whom he may. What better expel him from our dominions?

But how expel him, my dear Admiral—how be keep out of our sight?"

"Why, in a manner which I decree of expulsion—a decree of banishment. I will be sure to see to it, if he is still prowling near us."

All right. We'll give the matter serious quit. You draw up the decree of expulsion, in proper form, and I will sign it."

Will, now a lead from a private note-book he possessed, and proceeded to draw up the decree, not without some nervousness, for he was afraid the madman might refuse to follow his lead, or might change his mind in regard to the matter before the decree was signed.

In two minutes the document was ready, and Will, hastened to read it to his sovereign, who was immediately delighted with it. It read as follows:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French,

"To all present and to come, greeting:

"We have decreed and decree as follows:

"That the man called Jupiter, who has been staying on our island of St. Helena for several years is hereby ordered to leave the island within fortyeight hours.

ARTICLE SECOND.—Our Minister of State in charge of our island of St. Helena will see to the execution of this decree.

"Done at St. Helena, the 5th day of December, 1803."

"There, all you have to do, sire, is to affix your august signature," observed Hawley.

"Exactly; and here is it."

The madman took the pen from Hawley's hand, and wrote at the foot of the decree, in a large and legible hand:

"Napoleon."

Hawley turned pale, as he saw that the madman's chirography, as far as exhibited by his specimen, seemed identical with the chirography of the strange revelation of Jude Breeding.

"There's only one or two things more, sire," he hastened to say. "The first is for me to sign the decree."

He accordingly wrote:

"For the Emperor—

"Hawley, Minister of State. HAWLEY."

"That's it; that's it!" cried the madman delightedly, looking over Hawley's shoulder. "We'll clean the rascal out, or at least bring him to explanations."

"There's just one point more, sire," said Hawley nervously, as he folded the paper. "You had better address the decree to yourself."

"How address it to myself?"

"Why, put write on the outside, 'To Mr. Jude Breeding,' so that he may know that he is really meant, for I am morally certain that he is no other than the said Breeding!"

"Ah, I understand! Very good, sir!" said the madman, seizing the pen again. Here goes for him."

He hastened to write the necessary address, and handed the decree to Hawley.

The latter's penmanship was such as represented upon the address thus written.

"Repose here, sire, while I publish the decree," he said hastily. "I will be back in a few minutes."

He slipped from the hut, with the decree in his hand, and closed the door behind him. He first upon nothing save the object between the madman and himself. A suitable spot was soon found, and Will drew the strange revelation of Jude Breeding from his pocket, opened it, and placed its first page in conjunction with the address the madman had just written.

The truth came out like a flash of lightning.

The name Jude Breeding was written exactly upon the decree as in the revelation!

"They are the same," muttered Will excitedly. "They are identical!"

The madman, then, was really and undeniably Jude Breeding!

Jude had gone mad, as he had foreseen that he should. So mad that he had repudiated his own name, everything, even to his name. But his handwriting, unchanged by his madness, betrayed him.

"This madman, then, is Jude Breeding," added Will. "And this is the man who holds in his wrecked brain the secrets of Uncle Tom-ney's buried million?"

Even as he finished these words, happening to raise his eyes and look seaward, he uttered a cry of astonishment that broke the silence of the hills far around him.

"O God!" he cried aloud, and he continued to stare toward the harbor as if turned to stone.

And well he might!

For there, in plain sight, not two miles away, and midway between Cape Rosalie and Arched Point, a stately ship, under all sail, was standing into the harbor!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRONG ONE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I wonder if they'll be glad to see me?" said Ernestine Nilsson, with a half-apprehensive expression upon the face, and a shivering of the rose-red spots on her cheek.

It was Ernestine's first visit to the picturesque western city of Chicadown, where her Uncle Theodore Jordan—the first Sunnyside out of her girl life—and very proud she felt, in her blue merino suit, trimmed and faced with the loveliest shade of blue, like a baby's eyes, and her bright face, to the car window peering over the side. And then she thought, with a sudden pang, of the dear old home in the dusty dress of the New American Row, where the ash tucks and puffs were folded away so neatly in her trunk, and the dark, sad, yet delicious wreath of roses that were so like real buds and blossoms, and the pretty, embroidered handkerchief and the white kid gloves that Uncle Jordan had sent her.

"I do no hope some one will invite me to a party," said Pip to Ernestine, in a confidential, partly beating the measure of a polka rehearsed on the window pane.

"Soon as I get settled," said the girl, with a worse looking demand to a party than Tiny Nilsson, the dear, tempered and faced with golden-brown hair brushed away from her blue-veined temples, the sweetest eyes and dewy scarlet lips, and no artist or sculptor could have improved on the willowy, graceful figure of her slender little hand and long fairy fingers.

But ladies' parties and the social side of the question, the cars were stopped into a huge dingy lighted depot, and Ernestine was shaped top; there was a rush among the passengers—hacks and omnibuses for the crowd. Tiny, borne onward by the excitement, scarcely heard Ernestine's question, but caught the hurrying color and agitated glances turning upon Ernestine. "Oh, why did not Uncle Theodore come? Oh, why did not Uncle Theodore come!" in the first flush of her disappointment. But Ernestine felt that her self-possession was growing with the great human tide ebbing and flowing around her.

As she stood there, a stout, bald-headed gentleman with a heavy, grizzled beard, somehow pushed up to her trunk, and began scrutinizing the check, glancing from it to Ernestine, and then back to the check.

"Miss Nilsson," said her honest old father had looked exactly so. She stepped forward and bowed.

"I think I'm Miss Nilsson," she said.

The bald-headed gentleman straightened up as instantaneously as if his spine had been worked by a spring.

"Is it possible? Do I then address—

"The proud and virtuous—

"My name is Nilsson."

"Ernestine Nilsson—yes, yes, exactly so. Delighted, I am sure," and he shook her hand with a vigorous energy. "I am overjoyed. Direct, sir!" to a gentlemanly looking servant in black, with gilt buttons and a gold bat-band; "take this trunk to Miss Nilsson's. Is another springy boy," will you honor me by accepting a seat in my carriage? I was waiting the the drawing of your stare on the—shoe—but the train was late, and I was in a hurry."

They smiled, much relieved. This, then, was Uncle Theodore. Ernestine accepted the seat, and the gentleman, with a courtly air of deference, but told her she must excuse him if he expressed his surprise.

"I was so afraid you would not meet me," she said.

"Nobody supposed you would be in until the 6:30 express," said the gentleman, with a shrug, deferentially handing Tiny into a handsome carriage, and stepping after her with more than retarded. Allow me, Miss Nilsson, to present my son, Mr. Jude Breeding—Jude, my dear, you have evidently been waiting. Miss Nilsson, Jude."

Jude Breeding, who had been standing with his arms folded, and rocking himself to and fro, when the door opened, and a pale, handsome young man, with dark eyes and hair, entered the room. Looking at Miss Jane Montgomery she thought, with a sudden pang of jealousy, she suddenly drew over each eye, her lashes, and then looked up at the young man, who was known as the room. Jude's head, with a slight bow.

"Miss Jane Montgomery," he said, in a voice that was at once soft and musical, "Miss Nilsson, Miss Jane Montgomery."

"Yes, he's gone! We had a fearful runaway—the horses broke from the coachman's—" he would have his own way; so I told Will to let him have it, and he would have his own way," so I told Will to let him have it, and he would have his own way," so I told Will to let him have it, and he would have his own way,"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

SHOULD I REPINE, WHEN TIME FORGIVES!

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Still, dewy green and dalier dressed,
Wraps down the meadows fair and sweet,
The sunshine sleeping on its breast,
The river dreaming at its feet.
There winds the narrow path that links
The cottage with the village door,
And ponder in the sunlight winks
The nibbling spring so bright and clear.

But where's a sky whose tears sing mine
Threaded the meadow long ago,
When love and life, like rosy wine,
Brimmed both our hearts to overflow?
Where is the young heart, where the soul
That throbbed to every touch of Spring?
Not as the birds' full melting song!
Not as the lark's far-darting wing!

Just o'er the bordering pasture rise
The turrets of her father's home
I gaze with sad, but tearless eyes,
Nor feel the sweet thrill of old years
Each landmark of the old, sweet Past,
Lest in strange dreams, and dim and dull,
Of how our different fates were cast.

Mine from the meadow and the path
No far away, with many a change,
Or, tangled seas and wastes forlorn,
Through dolle dark and cragged range;
Or, through the city's crowded mart,
From green repose to wealth and state.
Life's daisies decked her maiden feet,
Life's thorns wounded mine sore.

I know not if she forgive me,
But think a cloudless sky must be hers;
However false she proved to me,
Should I repine, when time forgives?
Am I, at last, some peace had won,
Here o'er the meadow-land to gaze,
And forget my heavy's sad pain,
In dreaming o'er the olden days.

A BONE of CONTENTION; OR, The Waldemar Succession.

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LISTENER'S REVENGE," "THE BACHELOR'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF SIX LIVES," "THE OLD LION'S SECRET," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

AN INSOLENT VILLAIN.

Sir Hugh Tregarron was well aware that Darrel Moor had been a favorite visitor at the Red House during the previous winter, and that Moor had been an especial favorite with Mrs. Gilnt, despite his well-known reputation as a gambler and a libertine. The absence of Darrel Moor had been sufficient of itself to blind the eyes of the Captain's wife to all his faults, and to render her anxious to procure him as her son-in-law. So long, therefore, as Moor received Darrel Moor at the Red House, and while under the chaperonage of Mrs. Gilnt, even Sir Hugh did not feel he have allowed no unclean thing to approach near to the young girl he had already learned to consider as his own, and offer no objection.

But now, as he beheld the two together in a red Indian upon the track of Honor Gilnt's visit, followed by a single man, stealth-bound to her home, Sir Hugh Tregarron knew that he meant mischief.

Honor Gilnt was no longer in the safe shelter of the Red House, under the care and protection of Mrs. Gilnt, and if seemed probable that young Cornish Tregarron, the heir, had discovered the young girl's homelessness, and intended to profit by her misfortune, and the fact that she was unprotected.

"I'll keep my eye upon him," he thought. "No knave can come to Honor Tregarron but while I live. It is evident that he does not know Honor's address, and that he is seeking it in this underhand manner."

Concerning his line of policy, the young Barronet walked onward at a leisurely pace, keeping Darrel Moor in sight, and allowing some time in advance of him, and out of sight of the lingering figure of Honor's young lover.

The wind was blowing freshly over the bare sands. The donkey riders, followed by the old fishwomen and boys, were already retreating before the incoming tide. The boats that had lain near the shore through the mud dry were already rocking upon the quicksilver waters. The scene was swept by the chill wind, was becoming deserted. Sir Hugh drew up his coat collar with an involuntary shiver.

Meanwhile Honor's maid, unconscious of the double assault, entered her journey unmolested, a basket on her arm. She had been sent to some little shops in the neighborhood of the railway station, and was now going home, taking a circuitous route to avoid that she might look upon the gray sands, the iron pier with a mile in length, and the pronounced which is always frequented, and which, in the winter season, is crowded with gay visitors.

Passing up the promenade for a considerable distance, Lucky turned off into a narrow street and now quickened her steps. The pursuers quickened theirs also. The girl had been a brisk walk, and they found themselves at length in the Middle Esplanade, a pleasant, quiet street, bordered with villas and cottages of more or less pretension, and nearly all set in the midst of pleasant gardens.

Lucky Danner passed house after house of these cottages, crossed the gate, and passed swiftly up the walk, disappearing within the house.

Darrel Moor came up to the little gate and paused, but only for a moment. Then he unlatched the gate, and sauntered up the walk. He smoothed his old-fashioned hooker at the door, and waited for admission.

He was thus waiting, when Sir Hugh Tregarron came up and halted at the gate.

The young Baronet's face was very narrow-ly at the house, and the door to the left of it. The cottage was a neat little building of stone, with a double front. Two of the lower windows was a sand bearing the legend, "Lodgings to Let." Beside the door, to the left in front, through which the original sands upon which the town is built appeared at intervals, and there were a few shrubs. Trees are almost unknown at Seaport, the soil in which the grasses and flowers take root being so thin that it is only a few inches and spread upon the sand. But to make up for the natural deficiencies of rocks, stones and trees in a region of sand, this little cottage, like many greater and lesser houses in Sentport, boasted a profusion of flowers at its windows and around its porch, forming a "rockery" in which, many plants have been covered with water, a sea-grome might have made considerably. There was also a small, well-kept lawn a huge root of a tree, uptorned from the sand, and which had been used for ornament. Rocks and shells had been brought from a distance, and were supposed to add the charms of a bold, rocky and well-studded country, to the supernatural advantages of the bald and sandy sea.

This cottage, like most English houses of every grade, rejoiced in a distinctive name, and was called, as an inscription over the gate informed Sir Hugh, by the title of Oak Cottage.

Sir Hugh had time to observe these peculiarities before the door opened, and the old woman appeared to give Mr. Moor admittance.

"There are other people in the house," thought the young Cornishman, "and he will not dare make himself obtrusive. I must see Honor, but I will wait until Moor comes out. She will send him away directly."

He waited on up the street in the gathering dusk.

Meanwhile Darrel Moor, having been admitted into the cottage by the elderly woman whom Sir Hugh had dimly seen in the doorway, halted in the little cramped hall, and inquired for Miss Gilnt.

"Miss Gilnt does not intend to see visitors, sir," declared the woman, an expression of doubt upon her severe and prim countenance.

"She has come to Southport for change of air, and—"

"She will see me," interrupted Mr. Moor composedly, removing his greatcoat and hat. "I am just from Boston from Mrs. Gilnt—and I have a message for Miss Gilnt. Show me the way to her room."

Her rooms are on the ground floor here, sir," the woman said, with a sniff, at your very elbow, upon into Miss Gilnt's parlor. If you will give me your name, sir, I will see if the young lady will see you."

"Thank you," responded Moor, "but I'm a very old friend of Miss Gilnt, and I prefer to surprise her by appearing unexpectedly. I won't trouble you, my dear."

Unheeding the startled and ominous expression upon the woman's countenance, Darrel Moor, with no easy smile upon his dark face, pushed her gently up the door at his left, and without waiting for any response, boldly opened the door, entered, and closed and bolted the door behind him, leaving the woman in the face of the shocked lodging-house keeper, who had intended to follow him into Honor's presence, and turned the key in the lock.

The small parlor was unoccupied at the moment of his entrance, but there were evidences of a recent occupation of it, and of a recent feminine presence within it. The room was fitted up with a lounge with an easy rocking-chair, a needy, glistered lying across it, and with a few gaudy articles of bric-a-brac scattered here and there. It had come into possession of it, as air of brightness and coziness had been imparted to the stiff furniture by bright chintz slip covers, and a warm-colored carpet had been laid upon the floor. The Liverpool coal fire in the polished grate, which, in spite of the warm cleanse, Honor's pretty portable desk of mahogany lay open upon a table near to the window, and upon the same table was a piece of fancy work, with a needle and a thimble in which a needle glistered lying across it, and with a few gaudy articles of bric-a-brac scattered here and there.

A few books belonging to Honor were scattered upon the table, and filled a little hanging case of folding shelves which Honor had brought from the Red House. Upon the sofa upon the walls some trumpeted pictures, the work of Honor's own hands, and given to her as gifts of friends. Before the fire was drawn a large, comfortable chair, with a cushioned seat, and this had Darrel Moor taken possession of the room.

Darrel Moor had taken a brief survey of the apartment, and was still standing near the door, when the door of the inner room opened, and Honor entered the little lighted parlor.

She was dressed in black, and was very pale, but she was by no means unprepared for the young creature Darrel Moor had expected to see. She had been informed by Lucky Danner of the presence of her former lover in the house, and to the Red House. He had been accorded an interview with Mrs. Gilnt, and had informed him of Honor's departure from her mother's roof. It was not likely that the same fact had been previously communicated to Sir Hugh Tregarron. He had simply left for Southport, as Sir Hugh had done, and had been followed by Lucky Danner, who supposed that upon reaching the station, he had followed her with the intention of ascertaining her destination, but had lost her in the crowd, and taken any utterly despairing.

The first expression of chagrin as he saw that the calm awareness of her brows was unruffled, that the vivid color upon her cheek and eyes was undimmed, that the tender sensitiveness was unmarred by recent tears, and that the bright presence of her spirited face was undimmed by sorrow. Honor Gilnt, in fact, she had suffered—had been afflicted with that intensity possible only to natures of the finest fiber, but that suffering had not touched her heart, that mental eyes might not look upon it.

On entering, she did not see the sinister figure that lurked in the shadow of the window against it, but as she approached the fire, Darrel Moor started forward, and spoke to her.

Honor did not start, nor even show surprise, but those impulses beholding her eyes to shine she had expected him to seek her sooner or later. But she remained by the fire, her face he could speak, and called to her maid, who had hurried into the room at the first sound.

The dismay of the faithful Lucky was exhibited in her paller, and in the low shriek that escaped from her lips at the unexpected entry of her young mistress.

"Mr. Moor has called for the honor of this visit, Mr. Moor?" demanded his young bride haughtily.

"Is there anything else you have to say to me that I should desire to visit you?" inquired Moor irritably and respectfully. "Have I not a right to visit you? Do you not believe in me?"

"No, I do not believe to you?" cried Honor, her young voice ringing with a fierce scorn. "I have no right to follow me to this place. I have no right to follow me to Southport."

"I have something to say to you that is of importance, Honor," said Moor, in a softer tone. "Send out that idiot of a girl. I want no interruptions. Send away your maid, and I shall speak."

"You can have nothing to say to me that Lucky may not hear," said Honor calmly. "I have no secrets from my faithful servant. Mr. Moor, Darrel Moor. If you have anything to say to me, it is quickly, and then leave me to my maid."

Moor frowned, but drew nearer his young wife.

"Do you forget, Honor," he asked, "that you are plighted to me, and that you cannot break? Do you forget that you are my lawful wife?"

The girl's features quivered with sudden pain.

"Ah, no, I do not forget," she murmured. The memory is like a blight upon me."

"Then remember that you are my wife, Honor. "With the vows fresh upon your lips to love, honor and obey me, you left me, and hid yourself that I might not easily find you. It is time you returned to your home—those vows which are registered in heaven?"

"Do you fling the blame upon me?" demanded Honor, with a sudden flash of fire. "Do you dare accuse me of forsaking, Darrel Moor? I went to the altar with you, loving you—God help me!—loving you, grateful to you, and with a heart so full of tenderness for you that you could easily have won it to yourself forever. But you—you repented on the very verge of your happiness for me had led you so far. I can understand that you repented of your marriage with me, that ride to the chapel. And when your repentance came, you left me, you left me to learn into my inner room of the vestry and waited to be sought. You left me to learn that you had married me from motives of interest, with me, which prevented you from laying out to some lady of fortune, or to secure the wealth than I can ever boast, I heard every word you uttered. You spoke truthfully when you mentioned your wife burning cask. They outraged my pride—if I have any—but they turned every possibility of tenderness for you to ice. You left me to learn my own loathing and detestation, too great for words. You unmasked yourself to me, and you have yourself to blame that I despise you. The loathsome object you have shown yourself to be."

Darrel Moor's face whitened with rage, but he forced himself to speak calmly. He was determined to secure the certificate of her marriage now in Honor's possession, and had no means were to be thoroughly tried before resorting to foul means.

"Honor," he said hoarsely, "can you not believe that I have repented of my cruelty to you? Have I uttered those words that stung you so cruelly? I had just received a letter from my uncle's business agent, informing me that I was no longer my uncle's heir, no longer next in the Waldemar succession, but that I was likely to be forced, at my age, with my habits, to earn my own living! Conceive the effect upon a mind like mine of a revelation like that! I was cowardly, I own; base, mean, what you will; but I never dreamed that you could bear me, or that you would abandon me for a few hasty words. I repent, Honor, and I beg you to forgive me."

"I forgive you, Mr. Moor," said Honor coldly.

"And you will live with me as my wife, Honor? Forgive and live?"

The girl's face was instinct with a haughty scorn.

"Certainly not!" she answered coolly. "Why should I? I am free now. If I am to stand there, that Darrel Moor believed that he could win back the love of his wife by a lover and a murderous instinct came upon him to take the stronger. But when, choking with anger, his bloodshot eyes lingered in a wolfish way upon the beautiful face and graceful form of the young girl who stood before him in her red mouth, her small spirited chin, a swift revelation of feeling came over him. All his old infatuation for her came upon him again with a savage fury. He did not want only then to acknowledge his marriage with her, so deep and thorough was his villainy; but a new and devilish thought possessed him with a sudden flash. The girl was free. Why should he not possess her secretly, and make her his own? She was free, and he was free, and no one would be injured, in a sense, by the proceeding. "You are bound to me by a tie that you cannot break, Honor," he answered, as well as in mere words, and come back to me, for I have power to claim you!"

He held out his hands, but suffered them to fall to his sides, for Honor drew away from him coldly, and as Moor answered:

"I will not be bound by a bridge the guilt of which you have told me was yours. I will not name my decision to the world that I am free, Darrel Moor, and I will not sign any, and I will not feign any. I know you as you are, and I despise you."

"I can force you to live with me," cried Moor fiercely, maddened by her words.

"I think not," answered Honor calmly, though her face had grown very white. "I am going to law to get possession of me. I am, therefore, not afraid of you. I am not afraid to remain here, and send for my maid to escort you then! I am not afraid to remain here at this moment. Knowing you as you are, I am not afraid to tell you that you will incur the publicity of a court of law by any violence you may offer me. I am not afraid to tell you that I despise you. I am willing to make it to Sir Hugh Tregarron. He is in the house. Leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone."

"Sir Hugh Tregarron is in the house?" asked Moor jealously. "So that you will feel safe in his presence, you will not fear me? You have sent for him?"

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"Sir Hugh Tregarron is in the house?" asked Moor jealously. "So that you will feel safe in his presence, you will not fear me? You have sent for him?"

"I said that?" said Honor, her face kindling.

"He did. He evidently looks upon you as his betrothed wife, and sent for you to take place in Moor's eyes deepened. "You seem to have taken counsel of girl, Honor. You may be all seasoning. You may be deep and scheming from her mistress, but you will not succeed. I no longer stand a chance in the world with you, Honor, and I am not going to deny you. You are free, and I am free, and I am not going to remain here to be insulted by you. Sir Hugh Tregarron is a rich man, and I am a poor man

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

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Know Before You Speak.

Among the petty dishonesties of common life, there are some more hurtful, but perhaps none more paltry, than that of pretending to know where one is ignorant. It is a fault into which many not ill-meaning persons are drawn, from a false shame which would probably be checked if any immediate evil consequences seemed likely to flow from it. They dislike to appear at a loss, or under a shortcoming, about anything; and thus are tempted either to affect knowledge where they have it not, or in some way to allow it to be supposed that they are not ignorant. For example, some one adverts to a fact in science with which he is familiar. Perhaps it is brought forward for the instruction or entertainment of the rest—perhaps to show his own knowledge—perhaps only in the fair course of conversation: no matter how it may be in this respect, the point at present in question is the want of candor in the persons whom he is addressing, in hearing as if they understood that and all the related facts, putting on an intelligent look, assenting to the proposition as if convinced of its soundness, and perhaps even hazarding some remarks that may favor the supposition of their being as well informed on the subject as the first speaker. Or perhaps a passage of a classic or foreign author is quoted—pedantically or otherwise, it matters not—what we have to remark is the unconscientiousness of the rest of the company, or of particular members of it, in letting the thing pass as an intelligible part of the discourse, and appearing to sanction its appositeness, when, in reality, they are either altogether ignorant of the language in which it is written, or have been unable to follow the sense of the passage with any degree of clearness.

When any rational and well-meaning person feels himself tempted into such courses, let him only consider how absurd it is to suppose that there can be any real disgrace in being ignorant of any particular fact whatever. Science is a vast field—so is learning—insomuch that there can be no man in existence acquainted with the whole of either. The most eminent in both scientific knowledge and in learning know only a part, and are liable to be found ignorant of much. When, therefore, any ordinary person is found unacquainted with some particular fact, or even with some entire science, or some whole language, there is no reason why he should be deemed a generally ignorant man. It may be presumed that, if he is ignorant of one thing, he is conversant with another, *as is the case with the most eminent students*; and thus he may pass very well, though openly acknowledging that on the point in question he is blank as a new-born babe. There is a story of Sheridan having once apparently quoted a passage from a Greek poet in the House of Commons, when in reality he only uttered a gabble resembling Greek. An honorable gentleman, who spoke after him, fully assented to the application of the passage to the case in question. How ineffably ridiculous must that man have appeared when Sheridan disclosed the trick! This is a dishonor to which every one is exposed who in any way, however slight or negative, affects to appear knowing where he is ignorant.

Henry Ward Beecher's Horse.

Some people are very much opposed to fast horses; yet they do not ride with oxen. They think that perhaps a three-minute horse may be unobjectionable; but they shake their heads in doubt about the propriety of anything faster than that.

We have heard of one man who carried his doubts in the same direction a little further. He not only thought it was not right for a minister to keep a fast horse, but he carried the principle to a still greater extent: he did not think it was right that a minister should have one horse which was better than his other horse; so he stole the best horse that HENRY WARD BEECHER had and took him away, and has never returned him.

Mr. BEECHER, although a clergyman, does not appreciate this kind of conscientiousness; and we dare say that his own amiability of disposition would be more enhanced by the return of the horse, than it was by his being taken away.

Mr. BEECHER does not subscribe to the doctrine that a good horse is not a good thing for a good minister to have.

Mr. Bonner's Horses.

[From the London Daily Telegraph, July 4.]

The untiring perseverance of our Trans-atlantic kinsmen, and especially of Mr. Robert Bonner, the proprietor of *The New York Ledger*, is eminently calculated to bring the powers of the trotting horse nearer and nearer to the highest pitch of speed that equine legs and lungs are capable of attaining. A telegram has just arrived from Boston, Mass., announcing that a famous trotter, named Joe Elliott, the property of Mr. Bonner, has accomplished one mile in 2 minutes 15½ seconds, upon the Mystic Park Course at Boston. This is undoubtedly the fastest trotting time on record. It is but just to give Mr. Bonner credit for being one of the most ardent and unmercenary lovers of horse-flesh in the world. A self-made man, and the architect of his own fortune, Mr. Bonner is not to be stopped by any price when he has a chance of securing animals that may beat Flora Temple's, or Dexter's time; but nothing will ever tempt him to engage any of his flyers in a public trotting match.

I Thought It My Duty.

People are very often heard to say, "I thought it my duty to do such a thing." It too frequently happens that what they thought it their duty to do, was some mischief, which lay ten miles out of their way. At a fair computation, fully one-half of the bad things done, out of the ranks of the avowedly vicious, are done under the impulse of a sense of duty.

A very common use of the phrase, "I thought it my duty," refers to some unpleasing communication. One man thinks it his duty to inform his friend that some person or persons have been speaking evilly of him, or undervaluing some pursuit in which he is engaged. Another thinks it his duty to warn some person against some person. Another thinks it his duty to administer a point-blank reproof to some one with whose conduct he has been displeased. It too often happens that, instead of being prompted by a pure sense of duty, such communications are the result of some inferior feelings, which have only taken the guise of conscientiousness; at least, it is rarely that such communications are made in a prudent and kindly manner. Hence it is not surprising that, so far from producing the apparently desired benefit, they only aggrieve the feelings of the individual who is the object of them, and introduce discord and rancor where formerly all was going on in the common course of things. The number of officious interferences, prompted in the same way, and ending in the same results, is beyond all calculation. It is quite possible for one person thus to drive a whole circle of friends to distraction—under a sense of duty.

Since men so often go wrong when acting under what they suppose to be a sense of duty, it will naturally be asked, How are they to avoid such errors, and how are they to make sure that any notion of duty that may arise in their minds is a right one? It would require an elaborate treatise to give a satisfactory answer embodying the workings of the genuine conscience and the mock ones; but in the mean time something less may suffice. There is an excellent old rule which says, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." If men and women acted under a sense of all the bearings of this precept, more than nine-tenths of the mischief caused by the shallow plea, "I thought it my duty," would be averted.

A Breath of Cool Air—How to Appreciate Blessings.

It has been remarked often, and very truly, that people are incapable of appreciating anything until they have been deprived of it. This applies even to our most common blessings. We do not know how refreshing and delicious pure cold water is, especially from

"The old oaken bucket that hangs in the well,"

until we happen to be in some place where the water is brackish or hard, and we cannot obtain any fit to drink.

For several weeks during the present summer, the prevailing feeling has been that there was nothing else in this world quite so delightful as a breath of cool fresh air.

The excessive heat has driven people well-nigh to madness. They have suffered so dreadfully from it, that they have felt as if the one great thing requisite to make life pleasant, or even tolerable, was a moderately low degree of temperature.

When we have a cool, comfortable summer, we think little of it; but in the intense heat with which we have been afflicted, a long journey would have seemed very short if we felt that it was certain to take us amid cool breezes, and away from sweltering days and nights.

So it is. The poor prisoner feels that the liberty to which the multitude outside seem so indifferent, is a boon of priceless value. The hungry appreciate food, and the thirsty drink; and a million readers, if they were to be deprived of the *Ledger* for a single week, would know, even better than they do now, what a pleasant and entertaining visitor it is.

The Death-Rate among Poor Children.

The frightful mortality among the destitute and outcast children of this city during the heated term has occasioned much discussion of their condition, and led to the suggestion of many good-hearted but utterly impracticable plans for their relief. The simple fact of the matter is, that so long as the present tenement-house system is permitted to exist, there can be no relief for the denizens of those vast and reeking hives of humanity, as everybody who has ever looked closely into the matter and analyzed the situation knows. And the tenement-house system cannot be got rid of except by such a business revolution and social convulsion as no one in this generation is likely to see. Therefore the terrible death-rate among the children of the overcrowded poor in this metropolis, in seasons like the present, will and must continue. A block of houses containing several thousand tenants, who are habituated to slovenliness, who live on a meagre supply of food, which is often stale and deleterious in quality, and breathe an atmosphere which, in their overcrowded condition, all the resources of science could not keep pure, and which is in fact debilitating and poisonous, cannot be anything else than a den of death, with the thermometer ranging from ninety to a hundred degrees in the shade, for days and nights together. A majority of children that should be kept clean and well fed, would succumb to the baleful influences of such a condition. What, then, can be expected of the neglected, half-starved, diseased little skeletons that swarm by hundreds and thousands in the densely populated tenement-house regions of the city? We might as well look this matter square in the face.

"They have Seen Better Days."

There is something deeply and peculiarly affecting in the expression—applied to persons in distress—"they have seen better days." No claim upon our sympathy touches us so nearly as this. When woman, in particular, gentle, good, and unobtrusive, is the unfortunate object that has "seen better days," the case is still more strongly calculated to move our compassion; for we are usually inclined to presume, and with probability, that though she is a participator in the sad reverse, she could not have had any blamable share in producing it. Of all objects of pity, indeed, under the sun, the woman who has undergone a change in her estate, and bears her fall with uncomplaining mildness and patience, is one of the most truly and profoundly interesting. Shoeless, garmentless, homeless poverty, poverty that sits by the wayside begging, with its many wants obtruded on every hand, never touches the soul with a pang a hundredth part so acute, as does the shrinking, carefully concealed indigence of the woman who has "seen better days."

HOW TO BEAUTIFY HOMES.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are a few facts of a familiar kind which may aid in making many a place beautiful, which I will submit to the great household of the *Ledger*. No one needs to be told how much a house is adorned by *vines*; and yet many are averse to their liberal use from the impression that they make a house damp. It is true that they *may*, but it is not necessary that they should. Vines do not *collect* dampness. If any part of the house wall needs the sun to warm it, and is covered by a vine from its influence, it may favor dampness. But an ivy vine is reputed to make a wall dry, and has sometimes been employed to correct the undue moisture to which certain portions of a dwelling are subject. A grape-vine trained upon slats, which shall have a few inches of air space underneath it, will not injure the house. Upon porches, over trellises, vines may be trained with a charming effect, and without offending those who are superstitiously prejudiced against vines *on* a house.

The kinds of vines must be left, in the case of thousands, to accident. Men that are obliged to count the very last penny in their expenses cannot send many orders to florists for beautiful things, but must take what they can get in their own neighborhood. We will mention a few things now generally diffused.

The *Glycine*, or *Wistaria*, is one of the noblest. It will run a hundred feet or more, and grows in time to have a trunk like a small tree. Nothing can surpass it at its blossoming period. It is like a vision in the garden of heaven. It may be raised by *layers*, but will be found somewhat slow in taking hold after transplantation. Its arms may be carried out in tier above tier to cover the whole side of the house, when economy of space is no object; but where one desires to spare for other things, the Wistaria may be trained upon a corner, or along the eaves.

There is nothing more beautiful in its summer greenness, or gorgeous in its autumn reds and purples, than the Virginia Creeper—*Ampelopsis hederacea*. There is a variety called *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, or Veitch's, which is extremely beautiful. It clings to wood or brick with as much tenacity as the ivy. Its foliage is fine, and its habit fits it to fill small spaces. It is a plant, once had, that no one would part with.

If one wishes a dense screen, there is no vine that grows more rapidly, that is more hardy, than the *Aristolochia Sipho*, or Dutchman's pipe. One might as well attempt to look through a brick wall as through the opaque mass made by its enormous leaves. But its coarseness fits it chiefly for hiding ungainly things or shading from the light.

The *Trumpet Creeper* is effective, at a distance, but its coarseness excludes it from familiar nearness.

Few people are aware of the vast improvements which have taken place in the *Clematis*. Every one knows the wild white Clematis, which is beautiful in blossom, and almost as fine when its seeds are ripened. It abounds in our fields, and bears transplantation easily. The new kinds, or those comparatively new, deserve to be better known. Fortune's, Henderson's, Jackman's, the Prince of Wales, Standish's, together with Helena, Sophia, Launginosa, are obtainable at our first-class nurseries, and may be easily propagated. Besides these, there are every year new varieties introduced. There is no vine that we should spare with more reluctance. The sheets of gorgeous bloom, which, by judicious selection of kinds, will last from June to September, the perfect hardiness of the plant, and the ease with which it is trained, fit it eminently for small places and sunny spots. For it loves the full blaze, and will not flourish well even when planted with other vines that at all shade it. Indeed, to have the best effect of Clematis, it should be trained in a clear and open space to a trellis of its own.

But, of all vines, none is more popular, and deservedly so, than the Honeysuckle. The kinds are numerous. But if but *one* can be had, let it be the *Halleana*, or Hall's Japan honeysuckle. It cannot be distinguished from the *Brachypoda*, in leaf or blossom; but it excels that immeasurably in the habit of all summer blossoming. The *Flexuosa*, or Chinese, is fine, but we consider it second to Hall's, which ought to be better known and more widely diffused than it is. By planting it on open soil, without support, it spreads over the ground, and roots at every joint, so that hundreds of new plants may be gained every year.

There is a beautiful golden honeysuckle—*aurea reticulata*. This ought not to be planted by the side of green-leaved varieties. It produces the effect of a diseased or weak branch, rather than of contrast and variety. But the golden-leaved, if planted by itself and well grown, is gorgeous. It is perfectly hardy, and is of good growth and constitution. If one has a yard of ground, he may have a vine which will through the whole summer give unfeigned pleasure.

BEARING THE HEAT.

There are different modes of exhibiting impatience under this infliction. Some people stiffen their features like a mask, lest a shadow of emotion should pass over them that could be provocative of possible perspiration. Another will sit with some little bits of consoling ice in view, and only answer, when addressed, in long-drawn monosyllables. These are mostly your full-blooded, flushy people, to whom a red face in the dog-days is a perpetual horror. Then there are your explosive sufferers, who talk loud, walk fast, eat without regard to tombstones or thermometers, trying to defy fate and fat. Then there are your busy, happy men and women who think nothing about the weather—in fact wouldn't know there was any weather, if you didn't keep groaning the fact in their ears, and who wonder that everybody can't be as happy and comfortable as themselves. Then there are your pale people, who, failing to get up a perspiration at any degree of the thermometer, and suffering pangs in consequence, wonder how those who can should ever have cause of complaint. What is a red face to their sufferings?

The truth is that occupation, in this as in other troubles, is the true panacea. Annoyance may knock in vain at the door to deaf ears, as those who have tried it know. More vitality is laid out in dodging it than anybody at the time is aware of. Our tombstones are not always ready when we think we are ready for them. There are those to whom this is a sealed text, and there are others who running may read. FANNY FERN.

HOW TO CALCULATE OUR AGE.—There is no such thing as time. It is but space occupied by incident. It is the same to eternity as matter is to infinite space—a portion of the immense occupied by something within the sphere of mortal sense. We ought not to calculate our age by the passing years, but by the passing of feelings and events. It is what we have done, and what we have suffered, makes us old.

Nine Old Persons in One Family.

[From the Poughkeepsie Press.]

There are now living, of the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hicks, of the town of Milan, nine daughters and two sons, whose ages are respectively as follows: 73, 71, 69, 67, 65, 63, 61, 59, 57, 55, 53—making the united ages of the living members of one family of brothers and sisters 693 years. We doubt if there is a parallel case to be found.

THE GOLD-FINGERED BRAHMIN.

A HINDOO TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A famous merchant, who had made
A fine estate by honest trade
With foreign countries,—by mischance,
(The failure of a firm in France
And several cargoes lost at sea,)
Became as poor as poor could be;
Of all his riches saving naught,
Except, indeed, the pleasing thought
Of generous deeds in better days,
Which some remembered to his praise.
Of these, a Brahmin, who had known
The merchant ere his wealth had flown,
And how he helped the sick and poor,
Entered, one day, his open door,
And said, "My friend! I know you well;
Your former state; and what befell
That all was lost; and well I know
Your noble life, and fain would show
(Since I have power—Heaven be adored!)
How all your wealth may be restored.
Now please attend: Whene'er you see
A Brahmin who resembles me
In looks and dress, (and such an one
Will enter here at set of sun,)
Just strike him on the forehead—thrice;
And lo! his fingers, in a trice,
Will turn to solid gold! Of these
Cut off as many as you please,
(The ten will make a goodly sum,)
And thus the Brahmin-form will come
Whenever you have need of gold.
Consider well what I have told!"
  With this, the Brahmin went away,
And, sure enough, at close of day,
A stranger, like the other, came,—
So like, indeed, he seemed the same,—
And sat him down; and quick as thought,
The blows are struck, the charm is wrought,
And all his fingers turn to gold!
O wondrous sight!—And now behold
The happy merchant rich once more
As in his thrifty days of yore!
  A barber, curious to know
Whence all this sudden wealth might flow,
By watching, morning, noon and night,
The magic Brahmin brought to light;
At least, he thought beyond a doubt
He'd found the golden secret out;
And straight he called *three* Brahmins in,
And bade them sit: "For so I'll win,"
The fellow reasoned, "thrice as much
As if a single man I touch:
The more the men, the more the gold!
I'll have as much as I can hold
In all my pockets, at a blow!"
But when he struck the Brahmins, lo!
They turned not into golden ores,
But turned—the barber out of doors!
And, angry at his scurvy trick,
Each beat him soundly with a stick!

MORAL.

To all who read this pleasant tale,
  The barber's fate may serve to teach,
How sadly imitators fail
  Who aim at things beyond their reach!

CHARLES LAMB.

BY JAMES PARTON.

In one of the most ancient parts of London there is an antiquated pile of buildings, situated back from the street, with a large, well-trodden play-ground in front that is often crowded with boys at play. These boys wear a peculiar costume, and exhibit the additional peculiarity of going about out of doors bareheaded. The principal article of their attire is a blue coat, which falls down about their legs like a petticoat. When they are playing at any active game, they tuck up this petticoat about their waists, showing a pair of yellow breeches, which has rather a ludicrous effect in the eyes of the unaccustomed spectator. This establishment, though its legal name is Christ's Hospital, is a school, and is always called, from the dress of its inmates, the Blue-coat School.

Boys of this ancient foundation receive a classical education and complete maintenance from the funds of the endowment. They are allowed a good deal of liberty, and may be seen on holiday afternoons in all parts of London, in the parks and public gardens, looking in at the shop windows, always well-behaved, and regarded with a certain favor and good-will by every one. Charity school as it is, the blue uniform of the scholars is an honourable distinction; for the school has been rendered illustrious by the fame of some of its pupils. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were Blue-coat boys at the same time—Lamb from 1782 to 1790. We may say, indeed, that for whatever good and pleasure we derive from those two authors, we are indebted to this institution, but for which neither of them, in all probability, would have been educated.

Lamb's father, in point of worldly rank, was not much above a servant. He had walked from a country home to London when he was a little boy, and had entered the service of a lawyer, to whom he gradually became indispensable—his clerk much more than his servant—who really performed most of the business of the office. He had a turn for writing humorous verses, of which he published a small volume. He also moulded heads in clay or plaster of paris, and was particularly skillful with his penknife—a most dexterous, agile, merry, good-humored, brave little man; just the person to be the father of the most delightful of all the essayists of the world. His wife disappoints us rather. She was a showy, stately woman, much resembling Mrs. Siddons, fonder of plays and parties and pleasure than looking after her family.

Of their three children, Charles was the youngest—ten years younger than his sister Mary—and much the most delicate, small, shy, and likely to be neglected. He was, indeed, left too much to himself, and he browsed among the odd, heterogeneous books belonging to his father's employer, and wandered about the gardens of the Inner Temple on the banks of the Thames, the abode of many lawyers and their clerks. The witch books that he read frightened him so, that, to use his own language, "The night time, solitude and the dark were my *hell*." He did not dare, even in the day-time, to go into his bed-room without turning his face toward the window, and looking away from the bed where his witch-ridden pillow was.

"Parents," as he truly says, "do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves."

Not that his childhood was upon the whole unhappy or uncheerful; but both he and his sister were of that fine, nervous organization which must have peculiar care and tenderness in order not to suffer the most acute anguish. At seven, he was placed at the Blue-coat School, which at first was by no means a change for the better.

"The sight of a boy in fetters upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes," as he says in one of his essays, "was not exactly fitted to assuage the terrors of initiation. * * I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence."

Soon he was taken to see the dungeons, where the boys who had run away a second time were confined—little square cells, where a boy could just lie down in the straw on a blanket, with a little light coming in from above. Here the culprit was confined in solitude day and night, seeing no one but the porter who brought him his bread and water, and who was not allowed to speak to him. Twice a week, he was taken out by the beadle to be whipped, which, Lamb says, was almost a welcome relief. Such were the horrors of these dungeons, that one or two instances occurred of boys going mad and attempting suicide; and this at length caused the system to be abandoned.

The little boy recovered soon from the terrors of his initiation, and he spent at the school eight not unhappy years; a quiet, quaint little figure, among five hundred merry, boisterous lads; stealing about among them, as he says, "with all the self-concentration of a young monk." One of his schoolfellows has recorded that, though there was no boy besides himself of the same name in the school, he was never called Lamb, in the usual blunt school-boy style, but always Charles Lamb. The same comrade reports, that on every holiday, in ten minutes after the school was dismissed, he was in the Temple garden, where his parents lived, or reading in a great closet full of books, or playing on the terrace by the river. At fifteen, when he had been eight years at school, his acquirements would have given him a chance of going to Oxford, but for a slight stammer sufficient to prevent his becoming a clergyman—the destiny of all Blue-coat scholars sent to the University.

This exquisite genius passed thirty years of his life as a clerk; first in the employment of the South Sea Company, and afterward in the accountants' office of the East India Company; beginning with a salary of a few pounds a year, which was increased, from time to time, to seven hundred.

A frightful tragedy cast a dark shadow over his life. Both in his sister and in himself there was a tendency to insanity, and during his twentieth year both of them became insane, and he was confined in a madhouse for six weeks. He never again lost his reason; but his sister, during the whole of a long life, was subject to fits of madness. In one of these paroxysms, which occurred soon after the release of her brother Charles from the asylum, she seized a knife and plunged it into the body of her mother, inflicting a wound of which she died. Charles rushed into the apartment only to witness as horrible a spectacle as ever greeted mortal eyes—his mother bleeding upon the floor, and his sister still holding the bloody knife with which the wound had been given. He snatched the knife from her hands, and summoned assistance. The coroner's jury pronounced her insane, and she was formally confided by the proper court to the custody and care of her brother. He accepted the trust, and dedicated his whole existence to performing the duties growing out of it, giving up all hope of marrying a young lady to whom he was attached. Fortunately the attacks of her malady were always preceded by some premonitory symptoms which she could recognize. Whenever she received the warning, she and her brother used to go together to an asylum, and there both would remain until she was well enough to return home.

"I am wedded, Coleridge," he wrote to his friend, soon after the dreadful tragedy, "to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father."

His father died soon after, but his sister outlived him thirteen years, surviving to 1847, when she died, aged eighty-two. There never has been recorded a more pleasing or noble instance of fraternal devotion than that of Charles Lamb to this afflicted sister.

The impulse to write was awakened in Lamb's mind by Coleridge, his school-fellow, for whom he had an unbounded admiration and affection. He wrote first in verse, and he produced a few poems which possessed sufficient merit to give him a place among the minor poets of England, a land rich beyond most others in poetical literature. It is, however, as an essayist that he will be known and loved by remote generations. There are many deeper, higher and grander essays than his in the English language; but there are none which give the reader such a ravishing delight. They are a never failing resource to the worn and anxious souls of men.

During his lifetime Lamb had considerable celebrity as a wit; but, like most wits, he uttered few things which have the effect upon the printed page which they did at the moment they were spoken in a gay company. Only a few of his good things are remembered. A young lawyer mentioned to him, one evening, the joyous fact of his having got his first brief. Lamb asked him if he did not exclaim, when he received it:

"Thou great first cause, least understood!"

On a rainy day an old woman asked charity of him. "Ah, sir," said she, "I have seen better days." "So have I, good woman," he replied, as he looked up to the clouds, and put sixpence in her hand.

One evening when a clergyman was among the company at his house, a young man spoke slightingly of the Christian religion—an incivility which Lamb at the time bore in silence. But when the party was breaking up, and the guests were looking for their hats and canes, he said to the youth, "Pray, sir, did you come here in a hat or a turban?"

His brother having written a book upon the duty of humanity, he asked a gentleman connected with the *Times* newspaper to do what he could toward getting it favorably noticed. "But," said Lamb, "don't show it to your housekeeper, for I remember she makes excellent *eel* soup, and the leading points of the book are directed against that very process."

When his friend Coleridge was lecturing upon Shakespeare, he was addicted to making long digressions on subjects remote from the topic of the lecture. One evening Coleridge delivered a long discourse upon Lancaster's mode of punishing boys in his school—wounding their self-love instead of their skins. Lamb whispered, "It is a pity he did not leave this until he got to Henry the Sixth, for then he might say he could not help taking part against the *Lancastrians*."

One of his friends visiting him, with his wife and children, happened in the course of conversation to repeat the old saying, "One fool makes many." "Aye, indeed," said Lamb merrily, pointing to the children, "you have a fine family."

Lamb died in 1834, aged fifty-nine. The best description ever given of his personal appearance was written by Sergeant Talfourd, his executor, and the editor of his correspondence.

"A light frame," says Talfourd, "so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose, slightly curved and delicately carved at the nostrils, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance, and even dignity, to a diminutive and shadowy stem. Who shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness, and fix it forever in words? Deep thought, striving with humor; the lines of suffering wreathed into cordial mirth, and a smile of painful sweetness, present an image to the mind it can as little describe as lose."

Such was Charles Lamb, the most *beloved* of all English authors.

Asking a Man for His Wife.

On the twentieth of last March, a man named Bennett Jones, living in Jackson, Miss., wrote to Dr. Dameron, of Memphis, Tenn., requesting the doctor to give him (Jones) his (the doctor's) wife. The reason assigned for the making of this request was, that the wife in question loved Jones better than she loved her husband, and would be happier with him than she ever could be with the doctor. Jones also put in the plea that *he* should be unhappy for life unless the doctor generously granted his request, declared that he would never give up his love for Mrs. D., and hinted his intention of outliving the doctor, if no other way of accomplishing his purpose could be devised. A few weeks after Dr. Dameron received this outrageous letter, he met Jones at the corner of Second and Monroe streets in Memphis, and shot him at sight. He was indicted for murder, and his trial came off a few weeks ago. Jones' letter, asking the doctor for his wife, was put in evidence by the defence; the jury acquitted the prisoner speedily, and the entire community unanimously approved the verdict.

Frightened to Death by a Thunder-Storm.

[From the Albany Evening Post.]

Miss Miles, daughter of Solomon Miles, of Greenbush, was so frightened by the thunder-storm on Wednesday evening, that she died in about fifteen minutes. Miss M. was about sixteen years of age.

TEN BACHELOR CRONIES.

BY FRANK E. STEARNS.

Friend Tom, the crows have tracked your brow
And I've a look-out your frame;
Your nose that was Apollo's, now
Is just a trifle tame;
The head that had the view's grip—
Your only view, I know—
Now has my digits weakly rip
Your locked fingers through.

But we were boys together, Tom,
And I'm a boy with you,
And through life's early vicissitudes,
True heart companions proved;
We played at tops and mumble-pegs,
We ran away from school.

We've had our fights and our fags
For fuck eggs in the pool.

You stuck to me like toasts, Tom;
For you this arm would fight;
We'd keeping-cough and measles, Tom,
Together, as was right;
Were whipped by the same teacher, Tom;
We've had the same mother
Were lectured by one preacher, Tom,
And went to the same truth.

Together joined our purses, Tom,
Together shared life through;
We bet on the same horses, Tom;
Alike we voted too.
Together courted school sisters, Tom,
And much the subject was;
Perhaps it saved us blisters, Tom,
That going life alone.

Thus hand in hand we wandered, Tom,
As twin in soul should do;
The same life problems pondered, Tom,
The same things doubted too.
We've tried to live like men, Tom,
Of course we've erred, but then, Tom,
'Twas want of inner light.

We know a little valley, Tom,
Down in the willow grove,
Where Time shall utter "hally," Tom,
And we are called above,
Perhaps to meet, in that new chamber, Tom,
In reverent hope for grace,
Among the chosen number, Tom,
Paul sees the Master's face.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRUIT-SELLER'S REPORT.

"A signal of a third—of a brother thief," said Perez. "We had the same over yonder in Madrid."

Shall I admit this one who knocks, Captain?"

"Take a peep at him. There is a hole in the door that will do very well."

The two men glided over and looked through the slop to the door.

Gomaza tapped on it like a woodpecker, and then put his ear to the hole of which Perez had spoken. The next instant he turned to Perez and whispered:

"I will tell him to call at another time. He probably has something which he wishes to sell or buy, as he is Sancho Pena's fruit-seller."

"Not a thief by night," said Perez. "Admit him. I want to see him."

"Does he know you, Captain?"

"No—and he can not know, as he not let him, or any one else, suspect that I am in Cuba, or even alive."

The door was opened, a man glided in the door was closed and locked, and shortly the three men were seen in the room at the rear of the counter.

The newcomer was the fruit-seller whom Perez had ordered to follow the Senor. Three or four hours had passed since then.

Perez had remarked that dingy bandage which concealed the hideousness of his face.

"Well," said he to Baptista. "What about the Senor with the cane?"

Baptista made a peculiar gesture. Perez made another.

By this exchange of gestures these two men recognized in each other a sign in the ranks of criminals.

"What about the cane," said Baptista, "arrived yesterday on the *Magdelen*, from Spain."

"I know that."

"He is a Russian."

"I know that."

"He was in Havana about twelve years ago."

"I suspected that."

"And he then in search of some person styled by him and his agent—one of whom he has with him—as Sancho Pena, of Living Cuba, of Shell Castle."

"What proof?"

"Since I saw you," replied the fruit-seller, "I have seen and spoken with one of our society. This man is a clerk in the office of Judicial Records. The Senor with the cane went without name from this office to the office of the Chief Clerk of the Judicial Records. I followed him. I have a sign to my friend, who has a position in that office. Then I returned to the office of the clerk, and as I found him a time, my friend came to me. He whispered:

"The Senor with the crooked cane is an old acquaintance of mine—that is, I recognize him as one of two Russians who came into the office with the money-broker, Samuels, about twelve years since, and six months after Sancho Perez was sent to the mines of Almaden. The Senor speaks English perfectly now. He did not twelve years ago. He, his companion and Samuels had a long interview on the records of the trial of Sancho Perez. I remember the matter perfectly, for I gave them my assistance. They wished for him to be in search of a clew by means of which they might be the discovery of the person or persons connection of the unknown Isadora Raymundo, a person they called a Spanish Lady Cross of St. Andrew, with the arrest of Sancho Perez. Do you know to what extent I can again the records of the trial of Sancho Perez, Captain? I can go to the very commencement of the case, and obtain immediately for you, if you know I could give him no information. More than this they have failed to raise to find Isadora Raymundo."

"What did your friend mean by that?" asked Perez.

"He meant, that after Captain Perez was condemned, we will cases of Havana swore to kill Isadora Raymundo, if ever we should learn who that person was. Sancho Perez was one of the conspirators. If that old fellow can get out of prison, he will have sent for Isadora Raymundo—whoever that may be—that he or she did not consent to what the Captain-General offered to that person pardon for forging the order of arrest."

"Why?"

A hundred daggers would have sought to avenge Sancho Perez. Even had Isadora Raymundo been the Queen of Spain, or the wife of a grandee—and the captain was a great favorite among them—their daggers would have avenged the betrayal of one of their number, and of our secret objects."

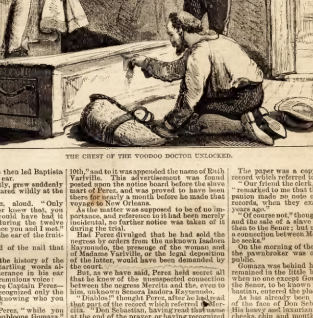
"Those daggers are yet as ready to avenge Sancho Perez?" asked the convict.

"As ready to-day as they were twelve years ago. The arrest of Sancho Perez was a great loss to us who are called thieves and brigands. Besides, the first law of our society is. Death to all traitors." We did not believe that Sancho Perez killed Angelos Rin. It did not matter if he did, for Rin had withdrawn from our society.

"And you of Havana, what thought you of this Isadora Raymundo?" asked Perez.

"That Isadora Raymundo was the assumed name of a man who did not know much of the secrets of our societies; that he was a government official; that the story that a woman, calling herself Isadora Raymundo, and obtaining by fraud the official signature of the Captain-General, was all false; that the spy or traitor, put forward and still spoken of among us under the name of I. R., invented that story as a shield against detection. In brief, we believe that Captain Perez was arrested, tried and condemned through the government as simulated conspiracy to bring other and merely suspected charges against him and his party, and we believe that I. R. may comprehend several men."

"You are right in belief that Isadora Raymundo, or I. R., was a personal enemy of Sancho Perez?" asked the convict.



THE CHEST OF THE VOODOO DOCTOR UNLOCKED.

"Not at all. But an enemy, or a clique of enemies, of what the law calls crime."

"And you, Gomaza?"

"Oh, I have already told you my belief, my friend," replied the pawnbroker, carefully not to give a hint of the convict's name. Those two bulls I mentioned were goring at each other, and we were not to have been seen there lest we run out of the way. I think the fellow with the cane trying to get at each other—or that one is eager to give the other, while the other flees or hides. And I say again, the brigands—as some call us—mainly play toads in the pasture, and will do well to keep out of the way."

"Diables! I will be the lion to tear the throats of your bulls!" exclaimed Perez. "Ha! 10th," said to it was appended the name of Rich Walter. This entry was found to have been posted upon the notice board before the olive tree of Shell Castle, and was proved to have been there scarcely a month before he made that report to the Senor.

As the latter was supposed to be of no importance, and reference to it had been merely incidental, no further notice was taken of it during the trial.

The jury divulged that he had told the negroes by orders from the unknown leaders of the plot, to burn the house of the widow of Madame Vartville, or the legal deposition of the will, which would have immediately set them free.

But as we have said, Perez held secret all that he knew of the unexpected connection between the negress Mercita and the, even to him, unknown Senora Isadora Raymundo.

"Diables!" thought Perez, after he had read the part of the report which related to Mercita. "Don Sebastian, having read the name in the office, and possibly seen the signature of the writing as that of some one known to him, has left the office, and returned to the house of Madame Vartville, and being in search of this Isadora Raymundo—who must be known to him—connects the affair with me and the negress Mercita. Why? Mercita is free, and she is living, but a negress. But evidently Don Sebastian recognized the handwriting of the paper was written, the Mercita wrote it, she must have written it in the house of Madame Vartville, and he thinks that I was there. If she did not write it, it must have been written by some one who was present when the paper was signed, and before I was there. But I know that the negress Mercita can not write, and that the letter which I received—two of them signed with the same initials—was exactly the same as that of the prayer. The name signed to the letter, Isadora Raymundo, has to do with Don Sebastian, unless he may know that such was the assumed name of some person or of no person whom he wishes to find. As he examined the records of the trial, he must have seen

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Perez. "that the Sinor himself was afraid to try very hard to open it! Eh, Captain?"

"Go to the door—watch him!" called out Perez.

Gomaza, standing in the street door, replied:

"He is turning the corner."

"Coming back?"

"No, no. Now he is out of sight."

"Good! Watch!" exclaimed Perez, entering the shop from the rear room.

"Oh, what are you about so fast? Take care," cried the pawnbroker.

"Pst! You are a coward, and so is the Senor. I want to have the first peep into the chest," replied Perez. "What! You think that if you see any one coming call out?"

As Perez spoke he grasped the handle of the large key, gave it a wrench with his powerful wrist, and opened in an instant the chest cover.

"It is the first to unlock it," thought Gomaza, standing both with delight and suspense between them.

In fact, the pawnbroker almost expected to see the black gleed of the gristly old Voodoo ring rise in wrath from the violated chest.

"Now," continued Gomaza hurriedly, "if the prophecy of old Sphinxo come true, that there is to be the coffin of Captain Sancho Perez. As for me, may I never be buried in a box which has doubloons hidden in the bottom and bowie and kidney-pises of a million African slaves in the lid! Look, look!"

"Watch, there!" called out Perez, who was busy in examining the contents of the chest.

"Oh, have no fear, my friend! I am as vigilant as a hawk."

"Pull them is nothing in this chest which I did not use to see in the possession of that old fraud Sphinxo," growled Perez. "Bottles, bones, vials, stones, clay images, dried snakes and reptiles, wooden idols, a few sticks and strings of beads, feathers, and the like. Ah, here is something small, and it may turn out for Senor want or do with these things! Easy, Gomaza!"

"Are, Captain!" replied the pawnbroker from the door.

"You did not tell me till just now that you had the chest in which Paul Soulenski concealed the divines Angelique."

"In fact, that had slipped my memory, Captain, as I am not sure that it is. I never saw the chest before, but the Senor turns the corner, as it seems."

Dashlad I reflect the chest. Do not be him suspect that it has been opened. Caramba! what no better to do with the chest than Perez, as he hurried to his place of ambush and espionage in the rear room.

"I say, Gomaza."

"Are, Captain. Speak fast. He is not far off."

"Tell him how the chest came to belong to Sphinxo. I am impatient to learn that."

"I will, Captain."

"I see, Gomaza,"

"Saints and patriarchs! He is nearly here, and he has a man with him."

"Tell him you found the hunk-note No. 4,370 in my old vest—last night. Perhaps he may give you gold—"

"Senor! he's here!" cried the pawnbroker, in a hoarse whisper, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, so that the sound might be for an instant.

The Senor entered the shop the next moment, and after him came a small, large-headed man in the dingy blouse of an iron-monger.

"Here is the chest I spoke of, Senor," said the Senor. "Unlock it, and here are three ready for you."

The man stooped, and in an instant the lock was open.

"Now you may go, my good fellow," said the Senor, paying him as he spoke what was owing.

"He thinks that money easily earned," rejoiced Gomaza, "but if there be not much in the matter I hold of, noble Senor, I think you have paid for his work."

"Turn the things out upon the floor, shopkeeper. I do not care to handle them. Be a good mixing. Pah! a mouldy smell. What a collection of casks!"

"Somehow the old Voodoo doctor, or king, or whatever he was, seemed to have taken care of these things, while quarrelling with the pawnbroker, as he compiled the chest, turning it bottom upside down to do so. I need be reminded that all his power to heal or to hurt came through the use of these things. Ah, here is the tin box in which he kept a kind of seed. A wonderful seed, I should say—for I have seen him give a few of them to his unfortunate friends to chew. I will take them and laugh, and seem to go mad with them, and fall as if dead, and then I'll be mad bold to called it. Forpoo, noble Senor—there is a key, for only types to it."

"I have seen the seed before," remarked the Senor, who had taken the box from the pawnbroker just in time to save its contents. "I know all about the seed and the box. The plant that produces them grows only in Africa, or on some of the islands of the African seas. What is that that you are looking at so closely, shopkeeper?"

Something had been broken or knocked years had been dislodged from its hiding-place by the thumping of the pawnbroker and had dealt vigorously on the bottom of the chest.

Its glitter and the mass of Sydaxa's dingy and dusty Voodoo finery caught the eye of Gomaza, and he had picked it up, and was examining it when the Senor spoke.

"Oh, it is nothing—an old glass button in a tarnished silver rim."

"Let me see it, Senor," said Perez, whose keen eyes had caught the brilliant sheen of a gem, as he rolled it to. "Give it to me, Senor," he chased the chest, and all it contained. Give it to me. It may be a valuable trinket—such as a diamond."

"Oh, of course the ring is yours, noble Senor," said the pawnbroker, who saw that the Senor was not to be trifled with, and then to himself, "Why did I not look at it myself before?"

"It is a valuable diamond," said the Senor, as he began to cleanse the hard dust from the ring.

"Ah! The noble Senor is very fortunate!" cried the mortified pawnbroker, who could no longer smile to his gains.

"I know a great deal about guns, shopman," said the Senor. "I am repaid for my trouble in finding it."

"Why? The noble Senor is repaid by the loan of two thousand reals yesterday? So the diamond is worth as much as two thousand reals!" groaned the pawnbroker.

"Diablo!" thought the astonished and much interested Perez. "What does this mean?"

"The gem is worth nearly if not quite a hundred thousand reals," said the Senor, who had not fully robbed of all the pawnbroker's trust.

"A hundred thousand reals!" gasped the pawnbroker.

"Diablo!" muttered Perez. "The Senor is very lucky—or he is lying. I will watch his tricks.

"Ha! Give me that basin, and soap and water!" suddenly exclaimed Don Sebastian. "Is it possible! Can it be possible! Can it be to find it here—and now—and in the trash of an old negro Voodoo doctor's chest!"

"Caramba! what does he mean by that—Ha! He is the calling on. The Senor is mad!" cried the robber to wash the ring. He rose from his obeisance to something. Diablo!"

The pawnbroker hastened to place before the the Senor the articles designed for his use, at the same time grew livid with rage at his own bad luck.

"I could have smashed the vile old chest into splinters, and not touched the lock? He mentally roared. "I could have saved the casualty till here apart, and not harmed the deceased lock, nor touched the key, and then I could have had the gem, and the Senor would all recognized! I ought to have thought—Oh, saints and patriarchs! I ought to have suspected—but how could I—oh any one?—blares and stars of heaven!—that there was a diamond in the worth a hundred thousand reals! Saints of Portugal! a hundred thousand reals! May my fingers be blistered for not being quicker to hide the diamond when I picked it up?"

The pawnbroker was so agitated with his bitter vexation, that he failed to perceive the trembling eagerness with which the Senor continued to examine the ring and its gem.

Or if Gomaza noted the very evident trouble now, he attributed it to that joy which he felt at finding that the Senor had left his box safely into his own possession.

But the keen eyes of Sancho Perez were not so much deceived. Gomaza, as has been stated, the features of Don Sebastian were almost wholly concealed by his beard, but the convict perceived a tremulousness which he did not attribute to eager avarice, but to profound surprise.

"Diablo! Can it be a diamond that belonged to Angelique?" thought Perez.

(To be continued.)

BUYING A SEWING MACHINE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Will you get me one, Will? *Do*. You know I am so *tiresome* while you are absent. And a sewing machine not only will facilitate my work, but my progress, you see. Please!"

The pretty little woman put her hand entreatingly on her husband's shoulder, and looked up into his face with a smile that would have proved irresistible to a more obdurate husband.

"Yes, you know I will get one. Let's see." She interrupted him, by exclaiming:

"Oh! thank you, Will. When? To-day? This morning? I can scarcely wait to see it, now I know I am to have one. Can you get it? Which do you think the best? Can I go to look at some?"

"Stop, do, and get your breath. You have asked a deal of questions, Nellie. Is my impatient little body *you* are?" and William laughed.

The head full of a query, and he was thinking figuring to the little mouth, made him sensitive he had said something unintentionally, as William hastened to say:

"Forgive me, darling, by saying you were impatient, that you were cross, irritable, peevish, or anything of that sort. Indeed, I have been construction you can put on the word. You will have to restrain your eagerness—for I am going to business now, and can't stay. Good William, embracing her, left the room, and kissing away the pout which came again.

"I am sure I am one of my friends can give some points concerning the different makes. If I can, I will put Barbee in training for me. He knows all about machines. If I am mistaken in Barbee, I will be sure to know one up this afternoon. There, now, I guess you can wait that long."

"O yes. You are so good and kind, and I am so grateful to you. I will wait patiently and better for it."

"Oh, May, I want to caution you about one thing!" said William Lance, when he knew that he was about leaving the house. "Don't say anything to the agents about buying a sewing machine to say one. If you do, we will be overrun, harassed to death by the agents and their canvassers. They are so sharp; they will find out in some way that we want one, and a machine will be sent by a single word at a person's face whether it is wanted or not of course. There is clever, pretty fellow that is mousing, as I pass, standing at his door. He will see Barbee, and he will know what to do. I should not be a bit surprised if he sends one of his shop either before or after I get home. Now, twelve o'clock; and if he, or any one from his place, is near, before I get home, I shall have your mind to receiving calls from ten or a dozen others. So you will have to say you have one in the house. I guess, to be on the safe side. Now, I must be off. Good by, my wife."

"Very well; I'll do anything to please you. And I should be sure to receive a call every hour now where I saw a sewing machine. But really, William, you are very suspicious. And the idea of such a thing!"

"Well, don't you know the truth of my words, please," said William, as he closed the door.

"Now, I must see about my dress. Mrs. May's particular friend, Jennie Swift, came to, and said:

"Hurry on your walking suit, May, and come down to my house. I have a dozen or so some machine models."

"Indeed I am—particularly not into a sewing machine establishment," answered May.

"Why not? What do you mean?" asked Jennie, looking at her in surprise.

"Why—well I have been bothered enough to give me a machine to-day, perhaps. He is going to leave it here this afternoon. I know he says he does not want to be harassed by agents and canvassers. I could not tell you, I could explain it to me. I could not just imagine why he should be so particular. I suppose he is afraid of being annoyed."

"It's a mind to try the value of a doubled to be able to resist such a temptation as a sable young man. I think some forcible means ought should be taken to relieve him from such there bores."

"Perhaps I consider the young lady you are anxious to be at home to receive, a bore? And then, perhaps you have not seen the face of that young man. Now you had better be off to your husband. I know he is waiting."

William, laughing, followed May to the door, and kissed her fondly, as she answered:

"Jennie Swift came in during the evening, and, as I expected, brought Mr. Wilson with her. But he remained firm in favor of the "Tuscan Maid," which I knew he would, and which it impossible to decide.

"Jennie, who escorted her having the room cleared of all furniture, to make room for dancing, which was to be the order of the evening, I was left to entertain Mr. Wilson, who seemed to be retained the next afternoon, to find them all engaged, and to receive the most flattering credit for these new additions, saying:

"I declare you must be very much to the different agencies, just to have a little fun!" "I see through your motive in Willie's sending but the sharpness and impudence of these gentlemen."

"Well, have you decided which of the last machines you like best?" asked Jennie.

"No, indeed. I thought each perfect and another cause."

"I see, my cousin; like the fickleness of woman, I am firm still in my opinion," William said.

"Yes, Will. But if you had heard the gentlemen talk, as I have, you would be almost good looking young ladies talk of the particular merits of a little, it indeed will occur to you that you might be just as puzzled as I am. I did think I was decided in favor of the "Tuscan Maid" when you were here, but I have since thought it was such a neat talker, and for the time made me feel so favorably inclined toward the machine, that I almost thought I had found the "The Inquiry." Now, I am undecided. That young chap said he would not speak for a week, and I thought I would like to have introduced a circular, remarking, that I would find me in favor of "The Tuscan." And indeed, Will, it is very hard to decide."

"Well, then, I would say, if you cannot decide what did you take another in for?" William said.

"Dear me, Will, you are just as great a tease as any of the machine men. For the same reason I took you—"

"Took me in? Yes, that's right," interrupted Will, laughing.

"No, you provoking fellow! Married you because I could not say No; and I'm not going to try to. Now I shall just run away from the house for a week, make a visit home, and leave you to decide on the fate of machines but the one you choose to retain."

And, true to her word, May went. Poor William was truly in a pitiable and very embarrassing situation; for the next afternoon, instead of six dreadful boys, came the same number of pleasant and good looking young ladies to give instructions, all meeting at the same time, about four o'clock—after office hours. He listened to each, agreed with all, and so it ended by his having a wagon load morning and sending all the machines off, being out of pocket just about three dollars.

When May returned, she was dreadfully disappointed. However, not many days passed before again came a young man, one of the same class as the others, and who was evidently much more agreeable than ever—certainly more persevering—and succeeded in making a sale of the "Inquiry." Before he left, William said, in a tone of mock earnest, and then William turned to May, saying:

"You are not much ahead of me. We will take it in here."

Opening the door, and taking hold of one end of the machine table, he backed into the room, followed by the young man, who, with a "Good morning, sir," left.

"Why, what is this? How came it here?" looking reproachfully at May.

As she was about to answer, his eyes, in casting a glance around the room, settled full on the other—the "Spokes and Willow."

Another look at May, more reproachful than the other, and turning to the man, he said:

"Take it away, young lady to their store o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I should like to have it sent home to-day, but cannot."

"Yes, sir," and off started, and then William turned to May, saying:

"I have had all I can, you see, so little for my caution. You promised me—"

"Yes, I did, Will. Come, let us be seated on the door. I believe what you said was near the truth. I never once thought of buying any one word about a machine," May said.

"What! Not a word out?" said William, in surprise.

"Indeed."

"Well, why has been here—that is before these fellows with their machines?"

"Nonsense, Will. Mrs. Wilson this morning Jennie came in, and wanted me to go down to the "Inquiry" office. I told her why I could not—that I had promised you—"

"And, of course, you have promised to get a machine," interrupted William, a little annoyed at May's tone.

"I did not think it was any harm to tell her that I had."

"Well, Mr. Carey, the young man from the "Inquiry" and somebody else thought it a harm to go back your word, and took me at a chance. But why did you allow them to bring it in? Why did you not tell them?"

"Oh, Will, I never was rude to anybody in my life, and I could not tell them to go. Besides, the first young gentleman was so very polite and kind, that I felt as though I was a pleasure—I could not feel at all obliged to persons to be rude to them. I thought I had decided in favor of the "Tuscan Maid," but when the "Spokes and Willow" and indeed it seemed to me the most simple machine, and pointed out to me its superiority, I thought I had better try it, and I found it to be so. And said it was the simplest in construction, most elegant, most convenient, and the most practical machinery of any machine in the market. That was sufficient to show an interest in the demand—"

"Oh, extravagancy. Well, if you believed all that, why did you not send the next fellow away?"

"Oh, Will, he was so polite and kind as the old gentleman, so dignified and pleasant. I could not possibly have the heart to send him away but kindly. And as I had listened to the others, I felt as though I must listen to him. He worked on this one, and told me how much of his shop either himself or his son had made, and that the other was only and heavy; and I thought I would like to have it examined, and that I should not be far from home, and then I could receive calls from ten or a dozen others. So you see I was obliged to agree to the subject. I guess, to be on the safe side."

"Very well; I'll do anything to please you. And I should be sure to receive a call every hour where I saw a sewing machine. But really, William, you are very suspicious. And the idea of such a thing!"

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KIND HEARTS ALWAYS READY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, ye blue waves never weary;
Ever rolling to the shore,
Sprinkling where world can be dreary,
Your white beauty on the store.
Well it makes the eye and laughter,
Fruited trees and flowers brighter
Where ye sparkle near;
As if some sort angel's brightness
Evermore was softly wreathing
Use and loveliness in one.

O, ye kind hearts always ready
To give help to sad souls near,
Calmly and sublimely steady
In the hour of human fear,
Is not such tireless willing
Sweet rewarding gladness thrilling
Through your being's innermost,
How the waves and you are singing!
Hark! the angels sing the host.
Joy's upon the morning shore,
Men and women, mission endued,
Messengers of love to human life,
In the Heavenly waters, splendid
With the Hope that never fades,
You will many feet see saving,
You will many souls see rising,
From the clutch of want and woe,
Helping ones in this life's weary,
O ye noble, O the glory!
Where, Christ led, you enter in!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE NEGRO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.
DR. FRESLEY'S CONSULTATION.

When Mrs. Muller uttered her menace, and made her demand of ten thousand dollars out of Estelle's fortune, Mason exchanged a meaning glance with Mrs. Blake, and then said:

"I accept his name instead of Estelle's name, Mrs. Muller, but of course you must wait till she comes into her property, and he is in a position to comply with your demand. I shall recommend her to allow you a liberal pension, and its continuance dependent on your own discretion, but I cannot say positively that the settlement will be favorable. We have not allowed you to fix your own terms, and you must abide by them as nobly as we have done."

"Oh! I don't believe in after-claps any more than I believe in hankering. I'm not afraid for my agreement. I hope it won't be long before Miss Estelle is in the way to give the five thousand for I'd like to have something in hand, you know."

"I will not show that, Mrs. Muller. You need have no fear as to getting your bonus money; I am not a man to break over your sense to conceal such an accession of wealth from your scrupulous husband."

"Well, as to that, Hasty is too simple to inquire much into what doesn't concern him, and I've thought it all over, and settled how it's to be. You might think that my son is living in Australia, but he's twenty years ago. He's been in California for many years, where he's married a woman. When the master comes to tell him that Uncle Fletcher is dead, and the steamship left me by him, he'll start right off, that he'll go to praying into it, and finding out anything."

"You are a sharp woman, Mrs. Muller; and a liberal woman, too," said Mason, flattering the long merchant, and as we haven't heard from him for a long time, he may be dead, too."

"Ah! a problem. I should not wonder if he was dead by way of all flesh; and I can't say I'm sorry he's dead, for it would be awkward to him to have a wife and son turning up to claim him in a little fortune."

"I hadn't thought of that, sir; and as you have brought it to mind, my son is a living yet. Perhaps it would be safer for Mrs. Blake to take me out when she goes away, and then I'd like to see something of the world, and Hasty wouldn't care, for, if I don't, I shouldn't be stale."

"Why should you imagine that I am going away from Mobile?" asked Mrs. Blake, with a No one has spoken of such an intention."

Mrs. Muller regarded her with a smile of crafty meaning.

"Of course you can't stay here, ma'am. You'll want to be near your own daughter, and she'll hardly be left in this country. I'm sure that you're thinking now of getting away to the old country, and it's there I'd like to go above all things. I was baby when I came across the ocean, and I've a kind of a fancy that a hankering for the old country would be natural to me. You'll excuse me, to look after the young lady myself, for I'm so manageable, and you couldn't trust any one more to do't; know what is necessary must be done to keep her from remembering what it would be as well not to speak of."

A startled glance was exchanged between the two principals, and after a brief pause Mrs. Blake reluctantly said:

"I have certainly no concern upon your terms, since you are in a position to dictate them."

"I'd rather look after the young lady myself. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to see some competence to me, till I get what you've promised me."

"You don't mean to insinuate that there is any danger to her while she is under my physician's care?" asked Mrs. Blake, in a voice that was slightly trembling, as she seemed to wish to speak calmly.

"I've nothing against the doctor's skill, Mrs. Blake; but then the drug is a given her is something that ought not to be tampered with. I am not a physician myself, but to her, and a few drops less might prove fatal to us. A person as has indigestion ought to be the one to give it to her, and Eunice Barker couldn't be trusted with such a delicate and responsible

"Not very true," said Mason, "and I think the best thing we can do is to consult Mrs. Muller's offer, and take her with us when we leave. That will be a very economical way for a great deal is to be done before; any delirium of travel is against us. What do you say, Mrs. Blake?"

She replied:

"Settle it as you think best. I can only repeat that I feel powerless. I am only sent word that I have gone through with a few hours, and I must have rest. *Rest! Ah, Heaven, will I ever find it again?*"

Mrs. Blake choked down her sobs, and no sound of weeping was heard when she left the room.

Mason, after exchanging a few more words with Mrs. Muller, left her to close the house and retire, while he rode to the city and thoughtfully took a boat for Mobile.

But the perplexities of the day were not over. He had scarcely reached his own room and the long nap, after greeting him rather oddly, said:

"Fresley has been here swearing that I saw Hester Blake on the train with that young fiend. He was in a hurry to listen to my explanation, and you had better find some means of silencing him, or the whole people to talking unpleasantly. He would do anything to get you."

Mason uttered a savage oath.

"I'll have him up for libel, the contemptible scamp! I'll make up to him and drive me away from the place as he could; but I am not afraid of him. When he is sober enough to visit a lady, I shall be ready to take him with me to see Hester, and he will then comprehend what a doit he has been to mistake Miss Landry for her. You may let him know that I wish to consult with him on her condition, for she is a very critical one. Fresley is skilful enough to render his opinion valuable, if he would only be sober enough to give it when he is sold. I must rest many hours to make up for lost time, and I shall not go to the cottage before noon to-morrow."

"Fresley will be drunk long before that hour, but early in the day he is straight enough.

"Then make the appointment with him for the next morning. Miss Blake is in no immediate danger, and that will answer as well as to-morrow. I wish the old dullard to be clear enough in his perception to see that Estelle is still in her mother's house, and thus put an effectual stop to his absurd gossip."

Nancon left him, and Mason, never out in search of pleasure, was left to a dreary and dreamless slumber, in spite of the anxiety and weariness so softly wreathing the sad loveliness in one.

O, ye kind hearts always ready
To give help to sad souls near,
Calmly and sublimely steady
In the hour of human fear,
Is not such tireless willing
Sweet rewarding gladness thrilling
Through your being's innermost,
How the waves and you are singing!
Hark! the angels sing the host.
Joy's upon the morning shore,
Men and women, mission endued,
Messengers of love to human life,
In the Heavenly waters, splendid
With the Hope that never fades,
You will many feet see saving,
You will many souls see rising,
From the clutch of want and woe,
Helping ones in this life's weary,
O ye noble, O the glory!
Where, Christ led, you enter in!

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"Oh! I don't believe in after-claps any more than I believe in hankering. I'm not afraid for my agreement. I hope it won't be long before Miss Estelle is in the way to give the five thousand for I'd like to have something in hand, you know."

"I will not show that, Mrs. Muller. You need have no fear as to getting your bonus money; I am not a man to break over your sense to conceal such an accession of wealth from your scrupulous husband."

"Well, as to that, Hasty is too simple to inquire much into what doesn't concern him, and I've thought it all over, and settled how it's to be. You might think that my son is living in Australia, but he's twenty years ago. He's been in California for many years, where he's married a woman. When the master comes to tell him that Uncle Fletcher is dead, and the steamship left me by him, he'll start right off, that he'll go to praying into it, and finding out anything."

"You are a sharp woman, Mrs. Muller, and a liberal woman, too," said Mason, flattering the long merchant, and as we haven't heard from him for a long time, he may be dead, too."

"Ah! a problem. I should not wonder if he was dead by way of all flesh; and I can't say I'm sorry he's dead, for it would be awkward to him to have a wife and son turning up to claim him in a little fortune."

"I hadn't thought of that, sir; and as you have brought it to mind, my son is a living yet. Perhaps it would be safer for Mrs. Blake to take me out when she goes away, and then I'd like to see something of the world, and Hasty wouldn't care, for, if I don't, I shouldn't be stale."

"Why should you imagine that I am going away from Mobile?" asked Mrs. Blake, with a No one has spoken of such an intention."

Mrs. Muller regarded her with a smile of crafty meaning.

"Of course you can't stay here, ma'am. You'll want to be near your own daughter, and she'll hardly be left in this country. I'm sure that you're thinking now of getting away to the old country, and it's there I'd like to go above all things. I was baby when I came across the ocean, and I've a kind of a fancy that a hankering for the old country would be natural to me. You'll excuse me, to look after the young lady myself, for I'm so manageable, and you couldn't trust any one more to do't; know what is necessary must be done to keep her from remembering what it would be as well not to speak of."

A startled glance was exchanged between the two principals, and after a brief pause Mrs. Blake reluctantly said:

"I have certainly no concern upon your terms, since you are in a position to dictate them."

"I'd rather look after the young lady myself. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to see some competence to me, till I get what you've promised me."

"You don't mean to insinuate that there is any danger to her while she is under my physician's care?" asked Mrs. Blake, in a voice that was slightly trembling, as she seemed to wish to speak calmly.

"I've nothing against the doctor's skill, Mrs. Blake; but then the drug is a given her is something that ought not to be tampered with. I am not a physician myself, but to her, and a few drops less might prove fatal to us. A person as has indigestion ought to be the one to give it to her, and Eunice Barker couldn't be trusted with such a delicate and responsible

"Not very true," said Mason, "and I think the best thing we can do is to consult Mrs. Muller's offer, and take her with us when we leave. That will be a very economical way, for a great deal is to be done before; any delirium of travel is against us. What do you say, Mrs. Blake?"

She replied:

"Settle it as you think best. I can only repeat that I feel powerless. I am only sent word that I have gone through with a few hours, and I must have rest. *Rest! Ah, Heaven, will I ever find it again?*"

Mrs. Blake choked down her sobs, and no sound of weeping was heard when she left the room.

Mason, after exchanging a few more words with Mrs. Muller, left her to close the house and retire, while he rode to the city and thoughtfully took a boat for Mobile.

But the perplexities of the day were not over. He had scarcely reached his own room and the long nap, after greeting him rather oddly, said:

"Fresley has been here swearing that I saw Hester Blake on the train with that young fiend. He was in a hurry to listen to my explanation, and you had better find some means of silencing him, or the whole people to talking unpleasantly. He would do anything to get you."

Mason uttered a savage oath.

"I'll have him up for libel, the contemptible scamp! I'll make up to him and drive me away from the place as he could; but I am not afraid of him. When he is sober enough to visit a lady, I shall be ready to take him with me to see Hester, and he will then comprehend what a doit he has been to mistake Miss Landry for her. You may let him know that I wish to consult with him on her condition, for she is a very critical one. Fresley is skilful enough to render his opinion valuable, if he would only be sober enough to give it when he is sold. I must rest many hours to make up for lost time, and I shall not go to the cottage before noon to-morrow."

"Fresley will be drunk long before that hour, but early in the day he is straight enough.

adorned it, which he thought he recognized as those once worn by Hester Blake, and he concluded that she had removed all those belonging to the sick girl, and rejoiced them enough in his perception to see that Estelle is still in her mother's house, and thus put an effectual stop to his absurd gossip.

Nancon left him, and Mason, never out in search of pleasure, was left to a dreary and dreamless slumber, in spite of the anxiety and weariness so softly wreathing

The next day Simeon informed him that Dr. Fresley accepted his invitation to consult with him on Miss Blake's case, and would be ready to accompany him to the city by the following morning. Mason only nodded his head, and went out to make his daily remote among his patients.

Dr. Fresley and Mrs. Blake's tall late in the evening, for he waited in the hope that a letter from Hester would come in the last train due that day. As no communication could be appointed, he he carried with him when he went the voluminous epistle Hester had written, and also a brief note from Spencer, inclosing a check for a large amount.

Mason found Mrs. Blake quite restored to composure, and ready for any emergency that might arise. All the hardness of her nature seemed to have been concentrated in her love for Hester, and she was fully prepared for anything to do all that was necessary to guard against possible misfortune.

The letters were read, and both were satisfied with their contents, and congratulated each other on the facility with which Hester seemed to carry all before her. But there was one paragraph to which Mrs. Blake recurred with some uneasiness. It was that in which the concourse with Dr. Fresley was described, and Hester's account of the conversation relative to Estelle.

"Will it be quite safe? Is there no danger that—that something may be said by her that may excite her mother's fears?"

"It will be easy enough to provide against that. My wife is quite in a position now, as I did not enable me to throw my patient into any excitement, to which she is not a party to talk. By the way, how is she to-day? and what is the effect of the new drug I have provided for her?"

"She is much better, and insisted on sitting up several hours with me. I was afraid to let Mrs. Muller stay in the room with her, and as Eunice seemed to be busy with her own affairs in the kitchen, Mrs. Muller and I agreed that it would be best to let the two invalids have the fruit the day at least, though she is not to be allowed to eat much of it. I have not yet administered the medicine, as I wished to consult you beforehand."

Mason reflected a few moments, and then said:

"After to-morrow it can be mixed with her food, and she will not detect its presence. Mrs. Muller will generally attend to it, and I will give her her instructions. I believe it is to be administered in the morning and evening, but I will look at the prescription."

Mrs. Blake signed hastily, but she made no reply, and soon afterward Mason retired to see Estelle.

He found her lying back on her pillows, singing softly to herself, and for a moment even his heart was touched with compassion as he looked on that fair young creature, dressed though in deep black for the sad festivity, ending, in all probability, in a lunatic asylum.

He sat down by her side, and took the wrist to his clammy hand, softly said:

"You are better, my child, since Hester, I hope you will soon be able to go about again, and be as glad to see her as you were before your illness."

She turned her beautiful eyes, soft and luminous as those of a gazelle, upon him, and then said, wonderingly:

"I seem to be floating over the billowy clouds, that carry me up, up, up, and I can't keep myself from going down to the beautiful star that flashes and gleams in the distance like the star when she goes away, and if my love is there waiting for me. He was sad away from me, you know, and I'm sad, and I am his, though others do not know it. Hester, no one must tell them. We have our own youth, or they would not be so hard with us, would they?"

She suddenly ceased singing, and began to sob, and Mason, with a sigh of relief, left her to the soothing influence of the opium he had administered.

He found Hester

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CONSCIENCE.

BY DR. C. D. GARDETTE.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all?" Very true,
Nor fond that, through the centuries gone by,
All cowards have for truth accepted it.
When in a human heart some thought of ill
Like a foul weed takes unexpected root,
And spreads, and springs, and burgeons there, until
It steers rank promise of unwholesome fruit,
If haply, on this fruit to ripe to be
Upon the earth, a human hand be placed,
Then is the hand the imperious call
Of Conscience bids plash from the noisome weed!

Which is the coward? He who fears the Wrong
And does the Right, though Wrong the most allure:
Or he who lists his Conscience with the song
Of some Siren whose voice is false and sweet?
Conscience makes cowards! Why, 'tis braver then
To heed the call of Truth, though it be true
Twixt that grim foe and us with many men.
Time to be virtuous with the few, forsooth!

All time is heroic! He who dare not shed
His Conscience hath a coarser stricture far,
And sooner, and more difficult, than they
Who calmly face the fiercest front of war!

THE SILVER RING.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

There stood in Berkshire, England, far out upon a quiet country road, a house, in which the wisdom sign-setting of the time had declared to be known as "The Magpie's Nest."

It had been thus named from the scarcity of the number of magpies in the neighborhood. And strange, indeed, the more so because the nest is a resistant bird, among the most cunning and knowing you can meet in our out, always hung in magpie's nest, to which the superstitious people believed that the same old magpies returned regularly.

No very elegant entertainment was offered at the Magpie's Nest for either man or beast, but its patrons thought the ale good, and then it was served to them by the prettiest, merriest, ever-shrewd little barmaid, who would take a kiss from a customer, if he chose to offer it, but could have been spanned by any barn-boss—a well-behaved little maid also, who resented too much familiarity from a man on the one, and who was known by the rector of the parish church by have been the best girl in his Sunday school. So, though she was a poor orphan, and had only just entered her fourteenth year, she had many successful admirers among the young men who frequented them all, and kept on with her duties at the Magpie's Nest until the son of her master, coming home from India, where he had served as a soldier for several years, fell in love with her, and offered her his hand and heart. Betty did not promise, nakedness. The unkeeping father was willing enough to secure his handy little help for a permanent assistant. And amid the chattering of the magpies in the trees, and the cawing of the rooks over under the neighboring beech-wood hill afternoon, and John put upon her finger a thick silver ring, which he had obtained abroad, perhaps by purchase, perhaps by gift, perhaps as soldiers obtain such things in time of war.

It was not a costly gift—to our eyes it would not be a beautiful one—but Betty valued it highly. It was a wedding ring, perfection, and so it was all arrangements on the wedding day, though she loved John, and looked forward to her wedding-day with joy, she would not alter the bright, romantic manner which had always belonged to her. She joked with the farmers, flung those back repartee for repartee, and even gave them those bright glances which John the soldier thought should be only given to himself. So John grew jealous, and was very sorely sort of sulky, and nothing about it.

It never entered Betty's mind that the very manner which had once seemed charming to John should now offend him, and she herself grew angry with her lover for showing such an unlikeness.

Therefore, when a young Frenchman from Marseilles, black-eyed, black-haired, and as polite in his manners as Frenchmen usually are, chanced, in the course of a business journey, to stop at "the Magpie's Nest," she felt that he really would be a fit subject for study for surly John Leaf, and was amiable to him to a degree that might have made a less jealous man angry. Then indeed John Leaf spoke out, and Betty discovered the meaning of the ill-temper. Her pride being flattered thereby, she let him see that she was pleased, and actually took from the firm insistence of winning John Leaf's smiles on the morrow, her belief, that when she would go to church in her best attire and charm his heart from him ever again, as he walked by her side. What woman ever had any design on a man's heart, that could be wrested from her by force or spy of guilt, that she did not bethink her of all her finery? Before Betty left her room, she had her trunk her desired, and put on her prettiest dress, her best Sunday cap, her Sunday shoes, and her silver ring, and having given the latter an extra polish, laid them where they would meet her eyes the first thing next morning.

John Leaf, sulking in his room under the garret eaves, had no thought of this. Those love natures do not forget and forgive in a hurry, any more than they do anything else.

The morning sun, shining and smiling on the sun's wall, aroused Betty with his first rays. She rubbed her eyes, opened them, put her fat little feet out upon the floor, knelt down and had her simple prayer, and then flew to the glass. It was only a crooked thing, with a flaw in it, and a rough cakes, but it was sufficient to make her happy. She looked at her face, and then she looked at her dress, and about her for those things which she had put there, so close geometrically, and then looked for her ring. It was gone.

She knew the very spot upon the red heart-shaped pin-cushion into which she had thrust the needle over which the silver ring had been hung. That was the needle still. It was below the window sill, on a little table. But the ring was not there. She felt on the floor, on the table. She shook out her dress, looked her bed-clothes. She swept the floor. It was gone.

Betty sat down and wept bitterly. All the pretty people of that day were very superstitious. The ring had disappeared in a most mysterious way, for her door was bolted and her window high from the ground, and she firmly believed that the loss presaged some great evil.

Meanwhile at the bar of the inn a little scene was going on. A Frenchman had asked for a glass of ale, and John, who was always tapped on Sunday mornings, had drawn it for him, when, as their hands almost met in the act, as he was upon the little finger of his customer a thick silver ring, the very counterpart of that which he had given to his wife Betty.

"I say, you pretty rig, Monsieur," he said, with a sort of catching of the breath. "May I ask where you got it?"

"Ah, bel, certainly," said the Frenchman, "it is a very pretty, but a pretty girl gave me that. Yes, and a kiss also."

John turned as pale as his florid face could become. He made no answer, but marched straight out of the tap-room and into Betty's bedroom.

She stood near the door in her holiday dress, with her white cotton gloves on. The magpies were chattering overhead, and after the fashion of their kind.

"You are going to church with me, John?" she asked softly, and with a smile.

"That depends," said John Leaf.

Then he walked straight up to her and looked full into her honest eyes.

"You don't look like a cheat," he said; "but who knows a woman? Take off your gloves, Betty."

She obeyed.

"Where's your ring?" he asked.

Betty burst into tears.

"It's lost, John," she said. "I can find it nowhere."

"You haven't looked on Monsee's finger then," said John. "You poor fool, to give it to him and think I shouldn't know it."

"Oh, if it were! I never did," sobbed Betty. "I give your ring to any one else! Why, John!"

But he pushed her from him with his rough hand, and would hear no word from her; and the next day he left the inn and enlisted once more, and was sent away again to India. And Betty left the inn, and took service with a farmer's wife hard by; and whatever the magpies chattered, it was no longer to her the love making that they heard when John Leaf was her neighbor's but he was very lonely. Men do not quite forget in five years. He could still see Betty's brown form flitting about the kitchen in imagination, and when

the magpies chattered in their nests, he could fancy that he sat with her still under the oak branches. Then he grew weary with the magpies, who seemed to mock him, and resolved his time serving boy to tear the nest down.

In vain the lad pleaded for the birds. In vain he declared that, even if the nest were taken down, the old birds would be sure to build another in the same tree.

"If the old magpies that built that fruit it gave," they "I'll soon see your nest on the right time," said the boy. "It's been known for years, master."

But John Leaf the soldier had cast away all superstitions with his uniform, and he said that he have time to waste in such folly.

"Up and leave my ear alone," he said. "Some of these days I'll take you by the ear. Some of these devils will take possession of that old rag, if it is left hanging there."

So the boy obeyed. He planted a ladder against the tree, and then swung out upon the branches. There was a grievous noise and confusion of magpies, for the birds knew their children of that season, and the time for their flight was near. But there were no birds in either nest, only a few feathers, a rag of a nest which the lad's hand clutched at last. He came down with the fruit in his hand, and stood before his master with a grin.

"Eh, master! may I have all I found in the old rag?" he said.

"If it's not a magpie's egg," said John Leaf.

"It's better than that," said the boy, "it's a silver ring."

"Let me see it," cried John Leaf, and snatched it from his hand.

It was the ring which he had plighted his troth to Betty under the old oak, and he knew now that the magpies had stolen it, and that the Frenchman were only one that re-gained.

The first thing that John did was to call his old name, "A jealous fool!" he said, "and a worse one to her than I was to her."

Then he walked, and all by himself in the bit of a meadow, he knelt down, and with his face vowed to find Betty if she still lived on earth.

Where he went, of whom he inquired, matters not; but in the course of a few days he was journeying to the west he opened a little cottage gate, and saw Betty sitting at work in the porch, but not alone. Her husband was with her, and he had not changed one single bit. And she knew him at once, and called him by his own name, "A jealous fool!" she said, and also she said, "Why, mercy, it's John Leaf!"

Then he sat down on a bench close by her side.

"You know I never had many words to spend on anything, Betty," he said. "I'll come to the point at once. I know now that you loved me, and that I was a fool to think I never gave my ring to Monsee. I found it—or, as I did, for I was a fool—and I'm a fool now—in the old magpie nest at the Nest."

"Is the magpie's nest, pet?" said Betty.

"Well, they are strange birds. I've heard that they are spoons before now."

"And so, Betty," said John, "if you'll overlook the past, and be my wife again, I'll be a happy man."

"And so I was grateful," said Betty. "And by-goses are by-gones, John Leaf."

"And so they were, Betty," said he, "and so they were, Betty," said John. "You'll be my sweet heart again?"

She laughed.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Why, look there."

He looked. Through the gate came a fresh-faced little boy, with a basket on his arm, and a silver ring upon his finger, who led by the hand a toddling girl.

"Why, it's Monsee," said John Leaf.

"Yes, and it's not," said Betty. "I went to him to ask him how he came by the ring, and he said it was none of mine. It has a name and a date on it that nine never had. And he was kind to me, and you had been cruel. And so we have been married three years, oh, Lonia! And this is our boy."

"I had better go home, I think," said John Leaf. "She is always punished for being a fool, and this is your ring. Will you have it, Betty?"

"Pray keep it for your sweetheart," said Betty. "You'll find one soon, no doubt."

But John Leaf never found one again, and the ring found in the magpie's nest was buried with him when he died.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.

We remember to have heard the following of the dramatist and author, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, while a member of Parliament; and it will bear repetition, even though it may be this have been in print:

Very shortly after entering the House, Sheridan joined the ranks of the opposition to the administration of Lord North, and his keen wit and ready repartee gave him great influence, which soon rendered him and the ministry was a member named Gowan—a rough, blustering fellow, who, when in a passion, was almost incoherent. He would endeavor to interrupt and disconcert the opposition by loud and boisterous cries of "Hear! hear!" and Sheridan took occasion to allude to a well-known political trickster of the day, who really wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool.

"Where," he exclaimed, in conclusion, and with sharp emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool, than Gowan?"

"Hear-hear-hear!" unanimously bellowed from the accustomed bench.

With a smile and a bow Sheridan turned to Gowan, and having thanked him for his ready and opportune assistance, begged to remind the spectators laughter of the whole house.

It may be needless to add that the noisy member was very careful after that how he interrupted Brinsley Sheridan.

C.

SCIENCE.

Until quite recently botanists regarded it as an established fact that leaves do not absorb either vapor from the surrounding atmosphere or moisture from the soil. Experiments by Professor Stahl, of Jena, have, however, proved the contrary, in connection with some recent French experiments, has led to the discovery of the fact that Sideroxyl Jessoni, says, "M. Callmes confirms the fact that the leaves absorb water, and that the absorption is in the wet and vaporous state, and not by the roots. But the revival of wilting leaves, when sprinkled with water, is not due to absorption, however ingeniously explained away, always, as Callmes's experiments show, by the roots. Callmes's experiments, moreover, have established the fact that foliage does absorb liquid water—but not by any vascular action, simply by the cells of the leaves."

The numerous advantages of scientific training, even when it concerns subjects seemingly the least practical, are daily becoming more and more apparent. Professor J. S. Newberry, state geologist of the State of Ohio, referring in his last report to the geological survey of that State, remarks that the knowledge acquired, especially by the members of the corps, has been beneficial to them in many ways, and that in the case of one of them there is nothing which has any value in the world which he has not gained by it. He has been employed, he says, to look for coal for them, to find out the location of one of them, "down-east," to look for rock salt, and to examine and report upon.

The echolalias of noxious vapor in the ground about Mount Vesuvius have greatly increased in number and in intensity since 1868, although extending but little higher than a foot above the surface. The temperature of the gases is about 212° Fahr. Several persons have recently been poisoned by them, and others have been choked up near them by a peasant in the employ of the Vesuvius Observatory, who has attempted to use Prof. Palmieri, the distinguished director of the observatory, as a subject for experiments on the effects of the gases. Professor Forbes, F.R.S., of England, more than a year prior to his death.

The construction of a canal to connect the river Ems with the Dollart, which has been projected by the Russian government, Secretary of the Dan, to carry timber from the Baltic to the Rhine, into the Caspian, that the desired communication between the Baltic and the Caspian will be established, and that the latter, with the exception of three quarters, but an intervening mountain will be pierced by a tunnel, which will shorten the route and render necessary the employment of thirty-seven locks between the two seas.

We are glad to learn that Columbia College has at last established a school of mines, which will be conducted on the same principles as those of the members of the graduating class. The receipts of the mines for the past year amounted to five hundred dollars for three years, during which the mines have been worked, and the number of men employed has increased from 30 to 100. The success of the mines of the same class of the successful student this year.

A dolphin with twenty pieces of coal in his stomach was caught in the Mediterranean, and sold to a fish-dealer in Naples," says "M. George J. Hinde of Toronto writes to Nature that while he was on a voyage between Buenos Ayres and New York, in January last, the sailors caught a dolphin about five feet long, and consisting of animal charcoal and gum tragacanth as the basis of the composition, which is applied upon these elegant articles.

The Smithsonian Institution lectures, Prof. Henry J. Reed, exhibited specimens of the natural colors recently taken by M. Negre St. Victor. They are called heliochromes—from the Greek *helios*, the sun, and *chroma*, color; but the colors are not permanent.

A Traveller" writes to the London *Daily News* that the Russian method of human flesh is not a new art in itself, and that in the hospital at Fourteen there is a table apparently of *pierre dure*—but stone—the different stones of which are, in fact, petrified slices of human flesh.

In connection with the observations as to whether animal or vegetable poison in the air are the cause of disease, Dr. Angus Smith offers the interesting suggestion, that possibly on the other hand they may bring life and vigor.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. E. Z. says: "Having long been a reader of your invaluable journal, and knowing I can safely rely upon your good judgment, I come to you with a question which I hope you will answer. I am a girl of fifteen, and have a brother-in-law living with me whose age, he says, is twenty-one. He has been keeping company with me for the past year, and has asked me to marry him. I am not in love with him, but I like him very well, and I am willing to marry him, but I do not like his profession. He is a gambler, and I am afraid he will not be steady. Please tell me what you think about it, and what I had better do."

Your brother-in-law is not twenty-one, but twenty-two years old, and will be twenty-three next June. I would very decidedly, and would be willing to follow him to the ends of the earth, if necessary, to get him away from such a life. Do not marry him, for he will surely be unsteady in favor of the first one named. Now I cannot, of course, tell you what to do, but I can tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would write to him and tell him that I had been informed of his profession, and that I did not like it; that I was willing to marry him if he would promise to give up gambling forever, and that I would be willing to follow him to the ends of the earth, if necessary, to get him away from such a life. Tell him that he had your reply in writing, and that you would not marry him unless he would promise to give up gambling forever. Tell him that you would consult their mother about it, and that you would be willing to be governed by her decision. Tell him that you do not like to tell him that you would consult their mother about it, and that you would be willing to be governed by her decision. Tell him that you would be willing to be governed by her decision. Tell him that you would be willing to be governed by her decision. Tell him